This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07495509 1

A

SICILIAN ROMANCE.

V.2
NC
Radc

A

SICILIAN ROMANCE.

v. 2
NCV
Radcli

A

SICILIAN ROMANCE.

3718

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE

CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

"I could a Tale unfold."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HOOKHAM, NEW BOND-STREET.

MDCCXCII.

R.B.R.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
125236B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1917 L

A

SICILIAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

TOWARDS the close of day Madame de Menon arrived at a small village situated among the mountains, where she purposed to pass the night. The evening was remarkably fine, and the romantic beauty of the surrounding scenery invited her to walk. She followed the windings of a stream, which was lost at some distance amongst luxuriant groves of chesnut. The rich colouring of evening glowed through the dark foliage, which spreading a pensive gloom around, offered a scene congenial to the present temper of her mind, and she entered the shades. Her thoughts, affected by the

41X404

ſurrounding objects, gradually ſunk into a pleaſing and complacent melancholy, and ſhe was inſenſibly led on. She ſtill followed the courſe of the ſtream to where the deep ſhades retired, and the ſcene again opening to day, yielded to her a view ſo various and ſublime, that ſhe pauſed in thrilling and delightful wonder. A group of wild and groteſque rocks roſe in a ſemicircular form, and their fantaſtic ſhapes exhibited Nature in her moſt ſublime and ſtriking attitudes. Here her vaſt magnificence elevated the mind of the beholder to enthuſiaſm. Fancy caught the thrilling ſenſation, and at her touch the towering ſteeps became ſhaded with unreal glooms; the caves more darkly frowned —the projecting cliffs aſſumed a more terrific aſpect, and the wild overhanging ſhrubs waved to the gale in deeper murmurs. The ſcene inſpired Madame with reverential awe, and her thoughts involuntarily roſe, "from Nature up to Nature's God." The laſt dying

ing gleams of day tinted the rocks and ſhone upon the waters, which retired through a rugged channel and were loſt afar among the receding cliffs. While ſhe liſtened to their diſtant murmur, a voice of liquid and melodious ſweetneſs aroſe from among the rocks; it ſung an air, whoſe melancholy expreſſion awakened all her attention, and captivated her heart. The tones ſwelled and died faintly away among the clear, yet languiſhing echoes which the rocks repeated with an effect like that of enchantment. Madame looked around in ſearch of the ſweet warbler, and obſerved at ſome diſtance a peaſant girl ſeated on a ſmall projection of the rock, overſhadowed by drooping ſycamores. She moved ſlowly towards the ſpot, which ſhe had almoſt reached, when the ſound of her ſteps ſtartled and ſilenced the ſyren, who, on perceiving a ſtranger, aroſe in an attitude to depart. The voice of Madame arreſted her, and ſhe approach-

ed. Language cannot paint the ſenſation of Madame, when, in the diſguiſe of a peaſant girl, ſhe diſtinguiſhed the features of Julia, whoſe eyes lighted up with ſudden recollection, and who ſunk into her arms overcome with joy. When their firſt emotions were ſubſided, and Julia had received anſwers to her enquiries concerning Ferdinand and Emilia, ſhe led Madame to the place of her concealment. This was a ſolitary cottage, in a cloſe valley ſurrounded by mountains, whoſe cliffs appeared wholly inacceſſible to mortal foot. The deep ſolitude of the ſcene diſſipated at once Madame's wonder that Julia had ſo long remained undiſcovered, and excited ſurprize how ſhe had been able to explore a ſpot thus deeply ſequeſtered; but Madame obſerved with extreme concern, that the countenance of Julia no longer wore the ſmile of health and gaiety. Her fine features had received the impreſſions not only of melancholy,

but

but of grief. Madame ſighed as ſhe gazed, and read too plainly the cauſe of the change. Julia underſtood that ſigh, and anſwered it with her tears. She preſſed the hand of Madame in mournful ſilence to her lips, and her cheeks were ſuffuſed with a crimſon glow. At length, recovering herſelf, "I have much, my dear Madam, to tell," ſaid ſhe, "and much to explain, 'ere you will admit me again to that eſteem of which I was once ſo juſtly proud. I had no reſource from miſery, but in flight; and of that I could not make you a confidant, without meanly involving you in its diſgrace." "Say no more, my love, on the ſubject," replied Madame; "with reſpect to myſelf, I admired your conduct, and felt ſeverely for your ſituation. Rather let me hear by what means you effected your eſcape, and what has ſince befallen you."—Julia pauſed a moment, as if to ſtifle her riſing emotion, and then commenced her narrative.

" You are already acquainted with the ſecret of that night, ſo fatal to my peace. I recall the remembrance of it with an anguiſh which I cannot conceal; and why ſhould I wiſh its concealment, ſince I mourn for one, whoſe noble qualities juſtified all my admiration, and deſerved more than my feeble praiſe can beſtow; the idea of whom will be the laſt to linger in my mind till death ſhuts up this painful ſcene." Her voice trembled, and ſhe pauſed. After a few moments ſhe reſumed her tale. " I will ſpare myſelf the pain of recurring to ſcenes with which you are not unacquainted, and proceed to thoſe which more immediately attract your intereſt. Caterina, my faithful ſervant, you know, attended me in my confinement; to her kindneſs I owe my eſcape. She obtained from her lover, a ſervant in the caſtle, that aſſiſtance which gave me liberty. One night when Carlo, who had been appointed my guard, was aſleep, Nicolo crept

crept into his chamber, and ſtole from him the keys of my priſon. He had previouſly procured a ladder of ropes. O! I can never forget my emotions, when in the dead hour of that night, which was meant to precede the day of my ſacrifice, I heard the door of my priſon unlock, and found myſelf half at liberty! My trembling limbs with difficulty ſupported me as I followed Caterina to the ſaloon, the windows of which being low and near to the terrace, ſuited our purpoſe. To the terrace we eaſily got, where Nicolo awaited us with the rope ladder. He faſtened it to the ground; and having climbed to the top of the parapet, quickly ſlided down on the other ſide, There he held it while we aſcended and deſcended; and I ſoon breathed the air of freedom again. But the apprehenſion of being retaken was ſtill too powerful to permit a full enjoyment of my eſcape. It was my plan to proceed to the place of my

faithful Caterina's nativity, where ſhe had aſſured me I might find a ſafe aſylum in the cottage of her parents, from whom, as they had never ſeen me, I might conceal my birth. This place, ſhe ſaid, was entirely unknown to the marquis, who had hired her at Naples only a few months before, without any enquiries concerning her family. She had informed me that the village was many leagues diſtant from the caſtle, but that ſhe was very well acquainted with the road. At the foot of the walls we left Nicolo, who returned to the caſtle to prevent ſuſpicion, but with an intention to leave it at a leſs dangerous time, and repair to Farrini to his good Caterina. I parted from him with many thanks, and gave him a ſmall diamond croſs, which, for that purpoſe, I had taken from the jewels ſent to me for wedding ornaments."

CHAPTER VIII.

"ABOUT a quarter of a league from the walls we ſtopped, and I aſſumed the habit in which you now ſee me. My own dreſs was faſtened to ſome heavy ſtones, and Caterina threw it into the ſtream, near the almond grove, whoſe murmurings you have ſo often admired. The fatigue and hardſhip I endured in this journey, performed almoſt wholly on foot, at any other time would have overcome me; but my mind was ſo occupied by the danger I was avoiding, that theſe leſſer evils were diſregarded. We arrived in ſafety at the cottage, which ſtood at a little diſtance from the village of Farrini, and were received by Caterina's parents with ſome ſurprize and more kindneſs. I ſoon perceived it would be uſeleſs, and even dangerous, to attempt to preſerve the character I perſonated. In the eyes of Caterina's mother I read a degree of

ſurpriſe and admiration which declared ſhe believed me to be of ſuperior rank; I, therefore, thought it more prudent to win her fidelity by entruſting her with my ſecret than, by endeavouring to conceal it, leave it to be diſcovered by her curioſity or diſcernment. Accordingly I made known my quality and my diſtreſs, and received ſtrong aſſurances of aſſiſtance and attachment. For further ſecurity, I removed to this ſequeſtered ſpot. The cottage we are now in belongs to a ſiſter of Caterina, upon whoſe faithfulneſs I have been hitherto fully juſtified in relying. But I am not even here ſecure from apprehenſion, ſince for ſeveral days paſt horſemen of a ſuſpicious appearance have been obſerved near Marcy, which is only half a league from hence."

Here Julia cloſed her narration, to which Madame had liſtened with a mixture of ſurprize and pity, which her eyes ſufficiently diſcovered. The laſt circum-

ſtance

ſtance of the narrative ſeriouſly alarmed her. She acquainted Julia with the purſuit which the duke had undertaken; and ſhe did not heſitate to believe it a party of his people whom Julia had deſcribed. Madame, therefore, earneſtly adviſed her to quit her preſent ſituation, and to accompany her in diſguiſe to the monaſtery of St. Auguſtin, where ſhe would find a ſecure retreat; becauſe, even if her place of refuge ſhould be diſcovered, the ſuperior authority of the church would protect her. Julia accepted the propoſal with much joy. As it was neceſſary that Madame ſhould ſleep at the village where ſhe had left her ſervants and horſes, it was agreed that at break of day ſhe ſhould return to the cottage, where Julia would await her. Madame took an affectionate leave of Julia, whoſe heart, in ſpite of reaſon, ſunk when ſhe ſaw her depart, though but for the neceſſary interval of repoſe.

At the dawn of day Madame aroſe.

Her ſervants, who were hired for the journey, were ſtrangers to Julia, from them, therefore, ſhe had nothing to apprehend. She reached the cottage before ſun-riſe, having left her people at ſome little diſtance. Her heart foreboded evil, when, on knocking at the door, no anſwer was returned. She knocked again, and ſtill all was ſilent. Through the caſement ſhe could diſcover no object, amidſt the grey obſcurity of the dawn. She now opened the door, and to her inexpreſſible ſurpriſe and diſtreſs, found the cottage empty. She proceeded to a ſmall inner room, where lay a part of Julia's apparel. The bed had no appearance of having been ſlept in, and every moment ſerved to heighten and confirm her apprehenſions. While ſhe purſued the ſearch, ſhe ſuddenly heard the trampling of feet at the cottage door, and preſently after ſome people entered. Her fears for Julia now yielded to thoſe for her own ſafety, and ſhe was undetermined

mined whether to diſcover herſelf, or remain in her preſent ſituation, when ſhe was relieved from her irreſolution by the appearance of Julia.

On the return of the good woman, who had accompanied Madame to the village on the preceding night, Julia went to the cottage at Farrini. Her grateful heart would not ſuffer her to depart without taking leave of her faithful friends, thanking them for their kindneſs, and informing them of her future proſpects. They had prevailed upon her to ſpend the few intervening hours at this cot, whence ſhe had juſt riſen to meet Madame.

They now haſtened to the ſpot where the horſes were ſtationed, and commenced their journey. For ſome leagues they travelled in ſilence and thought, over a wild and pictureſque country. The landſcape was tinted with rich and varigated hues; and the autumnal lights, which ſtreamed upon the hills, produced a ſpi-

a ſpirited and beautiful effect upon the ſcenery. All the glories of the vintage roſe to their view: the purple grapes fluſhed through the dark green of the ſurrounding foliage, and the proſpect glowed with luxuriance.

They now deſcended into a deep valley, which appeared more like a ſcene of airy enchantment than reality. Along the bottom flowed a clear majeſtic ſtream, whoſe banks were adorned with thick groves of orange and citron trees. Julia ſurveyed the ſcene in ſilent complacency, but her eye quickly caught an object which changed with inſtantaneous ſhock the tone of her feelings. She obſerved a party of horſemen winding down the ſide of a hill behind her. Their uncommon ſpeed alarmed her, and ſhe puſhed her horſe into a gallop. On looking back Madame de Menon clearly perceived they were in purſuit. Soon after the men ſuddenly appeared from behind a dark grove within a ſmall

diſtance

diſtance of them; and upon their nearer approach, Julia overcome with fatigue and fear, ſunk breathleſs from her horſe. She was ſaved from the ground by one of the purſuers, who caught her in his arms. Madame, with the reſt of the party, were quickly overtaken; and as ſoon as Julia revived, they were bound, and re-conducted to the hill from whence they had deſcended. Imagination only can paint the anguiſh of Julia's mind, when ſhe ſaw herſelf thus delivered up to the power of her enemy. Madame, in the ſurrounding troop, diſcovered none of the marquis's people, and they were therefore evidently in the hands of the duke. After travelling for ſome hours, they quitted the main road, and turned into a narrow winding dell, overſhadowed by high trees, which almoſt excluded the light. The gloom of the place inſpired terrific images. Julia trembled as ſhe entered; and her emotion was heightened, when ſhe perceived at ſome diſtance,

diſtance, through the long perſpective of the trees, a large ruinous manſion. The gloom of the ſurrounding ſhades partly concealed it from her view; but, as ſhe drew near, each forlorn and decaying feature of the fabric was gradually diſcloſed, and ſtruck upon her heart a horror ſuch as ſhe had never before experienced. The broken battlements, enwreathed with ivy, proclaimed the fallen grandeur of the place, while the ſhattered vacant window frames exhibited its deſolation, and the high graſs that overgrew the threſhold, ſeemed to ſay how long it was ſince mortal foot had entered. The place appeared fit only for the purpoſes of violence and deſtruction: and the unfortunate captives, when they ſtopped at its gates, felt the full force of its horrors.

They were taken from their horſes, and conveyed to an interior part of the building, which, if it had once been a chamber, no longer deſerved the name.

Here

Here the guard ſaid they were directed to detain them till the arrival of their lord, who had appointed this the place of rendezvous. He was expected to meet them in a few hours, and theſe were hours of indeſcribable torture to Julia and Madame. From the furious paſſions of the duke, exaſperated by frequent diſappointment, Julia had every evil to apprehend; and the lonelineſs of the ſpot he had choſen, enabled him to perpetrate any deſigns, however violent. For the firſt time, ſhe repented that ſhe had left her father's houſe. Madame wept over her, but comfort ſhe had none to give. The day cloſed—the duke did not appear, and the fate of Julia yet hung in perilous uncertainty. At length, from a window of the apartment ſhe was in, ſhe diſtinguiſhed a glimmering of torches among the trees, and preſently after the clattering of hoofs convinced her the duke was approaching. Her heart ſunk at the ſound; and throwing

ing her arms round Madame's neck, ſhe reſigned herſelf to deſpair. She was ſoon rouſed by ſome men, who came to announce the arrival of their lord. In a few moments the place, which had lately been ſo ſilent, echoed with tumult; and a ſudden blaze of light illumining the fabric, ſerved to exhibit more forcibly its ſtriking horrors. Julia ran to the window; and in a ſort of court below, perceived a group of men diſmounting from their horſes. The torches ſhed a partial light; and while ſhe anxiouſly looked round for the perſon of the duke, the whole party entered the manſion. She liſtened to a confuſed uproar of voices, which ſounded from the room beneath, and ſoon after it ſunk into a low murmur, as if ſome matter of importance was in agitation. For ſome moments ſhe ſat in lingering terror, when ſhe heard footſteps advancing towards the chamber, and a ſudden gleam of torch-light flaſhed upon the walls.

" Wretched

" Wretched girl! I have at leaſt ſecured you!" ſaid a cavalier, who now entered the room. He ſtopped as he perceived Julia; and turning to the men who ſtood without, " Are theſe," ſaid he the, " fugitives you have taken?" " Yes, my lord."—" Then you have deceived yourſelves, and miſled me; this is not my daughter." Theſe words ſtruck the ſudden light of truth and joy upon the heart of Julia, whom terror had before rendered almoſt lifeleſs; and who had not perceived that the perſon entering was a ſtranger. Madame now ſtepped forward, and an explanation enſued, when it appeared that the ſtranger was the marquis Murani, the father of the fair fugitive whom the duke had before miſtaken for Julia.

The appearance and the evident flight of Julia, had deceived the banditti employed by this nobleman, into a belief that the was the object of their ſearch, and had occaſioned her this unneceſ-

ſary

ſary diſtreſs. But the joy ſhe now felt on finding herſelf thus unexpectedly at liberty, ſurpaſſed, if poſſible, her preceding terrors. The marquis made Madame and Julia all the reparation in his power, by offering immediately to reconduct them to the main road, and to guard them to ſome place of ſafety for the night. This offer was eagerly and thankfully accepted; and though faint from diſtreſs, fatigue, and want of ſuſtenance, they joyfully remounted their horſes, and by torch-light quitted the manſion. After ſome hours travelling they arrived at a ſmall town, where they procured the accommodation ſo neceſſary to their ſupport and repoſe. Here their guides quitted them to continue their ſearch.

They aroſe with the dawn, and continued their journey, continually terrified with the apprehenſion of encountering the duke's people. At noon they arrived at Azulia, from whence the

monaſtery,

monaſtery, or abbey of St. Auguſtin, was diſtant only a few miles. Madame wrote to the *Padre Abate*, to whom ſhe was ſomewhat related, and ſoon after received an anſwer very favourable to her wiſhes. The ſame evening they repaired to the abbey; where Julia, once more relieved from the fear of purſuit, offered up a prayer of gratitude to heaven, and endeavoured to calm her ſorrows by devotion. She was received by the abbot with a ſort of paternal affection, and by the nuns with officious kindneſs. Comforted by theſe circumſtances, and by the tranquil appearance of every thing around her, ſhe retired to reſt, and paſſed the night in peaceful ſlumbers.

In her preſent ſituation ſhe found much novelty to amuſe, and much ſerious matter to intereſt her mind. Entendered by diſtreſs, ſhe eaſily yielded to the penſive manners of her companions, and to the ſerene uniformity of a monaſ-

tic

tic life. She loved to wander through the lonely cloiſters, and high-arched aiſles, whoſe long perſpectives retired in ſimple grandeur, diffuſing a holy calm around. She found much pleaſure in the converſation of the nuns, many of whom were uncommonly amiable, and the dignified ſweetneſs of whoſe manners formed a charm irreſiſtibly attractive. The ſoft melancholy impreſſed upon their countenances, pourtrayed the ſituation of their minds, and excited in Julia a very intereſting mixture of pity and eſteem. The affectionate appellation of ſiſter, and all that endearing tenderneſs which they ſo well know how to diſplay, and of which they ſo well underſtand the effect, they beſtowed on Julia, in the hope of winning her to become one of their order.

Soothed by the preſence of Madame, the aſſiduity of the nuns, and by the ſtillneſs and ſanctity of the place. her mind gradually recovered a degree of complacency to which it had long been a ſtran-

a ſtranger. But notwithſtanding all her efforts, the idea of Hippolitus would at intervals return upon her memory with a force that at once ſubdued her fortitude, and ſunk her in a temporary deſpair.

Among the holy ſiſters, Julia diſtinguiſhed one, the ſingular fervor of whoſe devotion, and the penſive air of whoſe countenance, ſoftened by the languor of illneſs, attracted her curioſity, and excited a ſtrong degree of pity. The nun, by a ſort of ſympathy, ſeemed particularly inclined towards Julia, which ſhe diſcovered by innumerable acts of kindneſs, ſuch as the heart can quickly underſtand and acknowledge, although deſcription can never reach them. In converſation with her, Julia endeavoured, as far as delicacy would permit, to prompt an explanation of that more than common dejection which ſhaded thoſe features, where beauty, touched by reſignation and ſublimed by religion, ſhone forth with mild and lambent luſtre.

The

The duke de Luovo, after having been detained for ſome weeks by the fever which his wounds had produced, and his irritated paſſions had much prolonged, arrived at the caſtle of Mazzini.

When the marquis ſaw him return, and recollected the futility of thoſe exertions, by which he had boaſtingly promiſed to recover Julia, the violence of his nature ſpurned the diſguiſe of art, and burſt forth in contemptuous impeachment of the valour and diſcernment of the duke, who ſoon retorted with equal fury. The conſequence might have been fatal, had not the ambition of the marquis ſubdued the ſudden irritation of his inferior paſſions, and induced him to ſoften the ſeverity of his accuſations, by ſubſequent conceſſions. The duke, whoſe paſſion for Julia was heightened by the difficulty which oppoſed it, admitted ſuch conceſſions as in other circumſtances he would have rejected; and thus each, conquered by the predominant

nant paſſion of the moment, ſubmitted to be the ſlave of his adverſary.

Emilia was at length releaſed from the confinement ſhe had ſo unjuſtly ſuffered. She had now the uſe of her old apartments, where, ſolitary and dejected, her hours moved heavily along, embittered by inceſſant anxiety for Julia, and by regret for the loſt ſociety of Madame. The marchioneſs, whoſe pleaſures ſuffered a temporary ſuſpenſe during the preſent confuſion at the caſtle, exerciſed the ill-humoured caprice, which diſappointment and laſſitude inſpired, upon her remaining ſubject. Emilia was condemned to ſuffer, and to endure without the privilege of complaining. In reviewing the events of the laſt few weeks, ſhe ſaw thoſe moſt dear to her baniſhed, or impriſoned by the ſecret influence of a woman, every feature of whoſe character was exactly oppoſite to that of the amiable mother ſhe had been appointed to ſucceed.

The ſearch after Julia ſtill continued, and was ſtill unſucceſsful. The aſtoniſhment of the marquis increaſed with his diſappointments; for where could Julia, ignorant of the country, and deſtitute of friends, have poſſibly found an aſylum? He ſwore with a terrible oath to revenge on her head, whenever ſhe ſhould be found, the trouble and vexation ſhe now cauſed him. But he agreed with the duke to reſinquiſh for a while the ſearch; till Julia, gaining confidence from the obſervation of this circumſtance, might gradually ſuppoſe herſelf ſecure from moleſtation, and thus be induced to emerge from concealment.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE Julia, ſheltered in the obſcure receſſes of St. Auguſtin endeavoured to attain a degree of that tranquillity, which ſo ſtrikingly characterized the ſcenes around her. The abbey of St. Auguſtin was a large magnificent maſs of Gothic architecture, whoſe gloomy battlements, and majeſtic towers, aroſe in proud ſublimity from amid the darkneſs of the ſurrounding ſhades. It was founded in the twelfth century, and ſtood a proud monument of monkiſh ſuperſtition and princely munificence. In the times when Italy was agitated by internal commotions, and perſecuted by foreign invaders, this edifice afforded an aſylum to many noble Italian emigrants, who here conſecrated the reſt of their days to religion. At their death they enriched the monaſtery with the treaſures which it had enabled them to ſecure.

The view of this building revived in the mind of the beholder the memory of paſt ages. The manners and characters which diſtinguiſhed them aroſe to his fancy, and through the long lapſe of years he diſcriminated thoſe cuſtoms and manners which formed ſo ſtriking a contraſt to the modes of his own times. The rude manners, the boiſterous paſſions, the daring ambition, and the groſs indulgences which formerly characterized the prieſt, the nobleman, and the ſovereign, had now begun to yield to learning—the charms of refined converſation—political intrigue and private artifices. Thus do the ſcenes of life vary with the predominant paſſions of mankind, and with the progreſs of civilization. The dark clouds of prejudice break away before the ſun of ſcience, and gradually diſſolving, leave the brightening hemiſphere to the influence of his beams. But through the preſent ſcene appeared only a few ſcattered

rays,

rays, which ſerved to ſhew more forcibly the vaſt and heavy maſſes that concealed the form of truth. Here prejudice, not reaſon, ſuſpended the influence of the paſſions; and ſcholaſtic learning, myſterious philoſophy, and crafty ſanctity, ſupplied the place of wiſdom, ſimplicity, and pure devotion.

At the abbey, ſolitude and ſtillneſs, conſpired with the ſolemn aſpect of the pile to impreſs the mind with religious awe. The dim glaſs of the high-arched windows, ſtained with the colouring of monkiſh fictions, and ſhaded by the thick trees that environed the edifice, ſpread around a ſacred gloom, which inſpired the beholder with congenial feelings.

As Julia muſed through the walks, and ſurveyed this vaſt monument of barbarous ſuperſtition, it brought to her recollection an ode which ſhe often repeated with melancholy pleaſure, as the compoſition of Hippolitus.

SUPERSTITION.

AN ODE.

HIGH mid Alverna's awful ſteeps,
Eternal ſhades, and ſilence dwell,
Save, when the gale reſounding ſweeps,
Sad ſtrains are faintly heard to ſwell:

Enthron'd amid the wild impending rocks,
Involved in clouds, and brooding future woe,
The demon Superſtition Nature ſhocks,
And waves her ſceptre o'er the world below.

Around her throne, amid the mingling glooms,
Wild—hideous forms are ſlowly ſeen to glide;
She bids them fly to ſhade earth's brighteſt blooms,
And ſpread the blaſt of Deſolation wide.

See! in the darkened air their fiery courſe!
The ſweeping ruin ſettles o'er the land,
Terror leads on their ſteps with madd'ning force,
And Death and Vengeance cloſe the ghaſtly band!

Mark the purple ſtreams that flow!
Mark the deep empaſſioned woe!
Frantic Fury's dying groan!
Virtue's ſigh, and Sorrow's moan!

Wide—wide the phantom's ſwell the loaded air
With ſhrieks of anguiſh—madneſs and deſpair!

Ceaſe

Ceaſe your ruin! ſpectres dire!
Ceaſe your wild terrific ſway!
Turn your ſteps—and check your ire,
Yield to peace the mourning day!

She wept to the memory of times paſt, and there was a romantic ſadneſs in her feelings, luxurious and indefinable. Madame behaved to Julia with the tendereſt attention, and endeavoured to withdraw her thoughts from their mournful ſubject, by promoting that taſte for literature and muſic, which was ſo ſuitable to the powers of her mind.

But an object ſeriouſly intereſting now obtained that regard, which thoſe of mere amuſement failed to attract. Her favourite nun, for whom her love and eſteem daily encreaſed, ſeemed declining under the preſſure of a ſecret grief. Julia was deeply affected with her ſituation, and though ſhe was not empowered to adminiſter conſolation to her ſorrows, ſhe endeavoured to mitigate the ſufferings of illneſs. She nurſed

her with unremitting care, and ſeemed to ſeize with avidity the temporary opportunity of eſcaping from herſelf. The nun appeared perfectly reconciled to her fate, and exhibited during her illneſs, ſo much ſweetneſs, patience, and reſignation, as affected all around her with pity and love. Her angelic mildneſs, and ſteady fortitude, characterized the beatification of a ſaint, rather than the death of a mortal. Julia watched every turn of her diſorder with the utmoſt ſolicitude, and her care was at length rewarded by the amendment of Cornelia. Her health gradually improved, and ſhe attributed this circumſtance to the aſſiduity and tenderneſs of her young friend, to whom her heart now expanded in warm and unreſerved affection. At length Julia ventured to ſolicit what ſhe had ſo long and ſo earneſtly wiſhed for, and Cornelia unfolded the hiſtory of her ſorrows.

"Of the life which your care has pro-

prolonged," ſaid ſhe, "it is but juſt that you ſhould know the events; though thoſe events are neither new, or ſtriking, and poſſeſs little power of intereſting perſons unconnected with them. To me they have, however, been unexpectedly dreadful in effect, and my heart aſſures me, that to you they will not be indifferent.

"I am the unfortunate deſcendant of an ancient and illuſtrious Italian family. In early childhood I was deprived of a mother's care, but the tenderneſs of my ſurviving parent made her loſs, as to my welfare, almoſt unfelt. Suffer me here to do juſtice to the character of my noble father. He united in an eminent degree, the mild virtues of ſocial life, with the firm unbending qualities of the noble Romans, his anceſtors, from whom he was proud to trace his deſcent. Their merit, indeed, continually dwelt on his tongue, and their actions he was always endeavouring to imitate, as far as was

conſiſtent with the character of his times, and with the limited ſphere in which he moved. The recollection of his virtue elevates my mind, and fills my heart with a noble pride, which even the cold walls of a monaſtery have not been able to ſubdue.

My father's fortune was unſuitable to his rank. That his ſon might hereafter be enabled to ſupport the dignity of his family, it was neceſſary for me to aſſume the veil. Alas! that heart was unfit to be offered at an heavenly ſhrine, which was already devoted to an earthly object. My affections had long been engaged by the younger ſon of a neighbouring nobleman, whoſe character and accompliſhments attracted my early love, and confirmed my lateſt eſteem. Our families were intimate, and our youthful intercourſe occaſioned an attachment, which ſtrengthened and expanded with our years. He ſolicited me of my father, but there appeared an inſuperable barrier

barrier to our union. The family of my lover laboured under a circumſtance of ſimilar diſtreſs with that of my own —it was noble—but poor! My father, who was ignorant of the ſtrength of my affection, and who conſidered a marriage formed in poverty as deſtructive to happineſs, prohibited his ſuit.

Touched with chagrin and diſappointment, he immediately entered into the ſervice of his Neapolitan majeſty, and fought in the tumultuous ſcenes of glory, a refuge from the pangs of diſappointed paſſion.

To me, whoſe hours moved in one round of dull uniformity—who had no purſuit to intereſt—no variety to animate my drooping ſpirits—to me the effort of forgetfulneſs was ineffectual. The loved idea of Angelo ſtill roſe upon my fancy, and its powers of captivation, heightened by abſence, and, perhaps, even by deſpair, purſued me with inceſſant grief. I concealed in

ſilence the anguiſh that preyed upon my heart, and reſigned myſelf a willing victim to monaſtic auſterity. But I was now threatened with a new evil, terrible and unexpected. I was ſo unfortunate as to attract the admiration of the marquis Marinelli, and he applied to my father. He was illuſtrious at once in birth and fortune, and his viſits could only be unwelcome to me. Dreadful was the moment in which my father diſcloſed to me the propoſal. My diſtreſs, which I vainly endeavoured to command, diſcovered the exact ſituation of my heart, and my father was affected.

After a long and awful pauſe, he generouſly releaſed me from my ſufferings, by leaving it to my choice to accept the marquis, or to aſſume the veil. I fell at his feet, overcome by the noble diſintereſtedneſs of his conduct, and inſtantly accepted the latter.

This affair removed entirely the diſguiſe

guiſe with which I had hitherto guarded my heart;—my brother—my generous brother! learned the true ſtate of its affections. He ſaw the grief which preyed upon my health; he obſerved it to my father, and he nobly—oh how nobly! to reſtore my happineſs, deſired to reſign a part of the eſtate which had already deſcended to him in right of his mother. "Alas! Hippolitus," continued Cornelia, deeply ſighing, "thy virtues deſerved a better fate."

"Hippolitus!" ſaid Julia, in a tremulous accent, "Hippolitus, count de Vereza!" "The ſame," replied the nun, in a tone of ſurprize. Julia was ſpeechleſs; tears, however, came to her relief. The aſtoniſhment of Cornelia for ſome moment ſurpaſſed expreſſion; at length a gleam of recollection croſſed her mind, and ſhe too well underſtood the ſcene before her. Julia, after ſome time revived, when Cornelia tenderly approaching her, "Do I then embrace

my

my ſiſter!" ſaid ſhe, "United in ſentiment, are we alſo united in misfortune?" Julia anſwered with her ſighs, and their tears flowed in mournful ſympathy together. At length Cornelia reſumed her narrative.

"My father, ſtruck with the conduct of Hippolitus, pauſed upon the offer. The alteration in my health was too obvious to eſcape his notice; the conflict between pride and parental tenderneſs, held him for ſome time in indeciſion, but the latter finally ſubdued every oppoſing feeling, and he yielded his conſent to my marriage with Angelo. The ſudden tranſition from grief to joy was almoſt too much for my feeble frame; judge then what muſt have been the effect of the dreadful reverſe, when the news arived that Angelo had fallen in a foreign engagement! Let me obliterate, if poſſible, the impreſſion of ſenſations ſo dreadful. The ſufferings of my brother, whoſe generous heart could

ſo

ſo finely feel for another's woe, were on this occaſion inferior only to my own.

After the firſt exceſs of my grief was ſubſided, I deſired to retire from a world which had tempted me only with illuſive viſions of happineſs, and to remove from thoſe ſcenes which prompted recollection, and perpetuated my diſtreſs. My father applauded my reſolution, and I immediately was admitted a noviciate into this monaſtery, with the Superior of which my father had in his youth been acquainted.

At the expiration of the year I received the veil. Oh! I well remember with what perfect reſignation, with what comfortable complacency I took thoſe vows which bound me to a life of retirement, and religious reſt.

The high importance of the moment, the ſolemnity of the ceremony, the ſacred glooms which ſurrounded me, and the chilling ſilence that prevailed when I uttered the irrevocable vow—all conſpired

ſpired to impreſs my imagination, and to raiſe my views to heaven. When I knelt at the altar, the ſacred flame of pure devotion glowed in my heart, and elevated my ſoul to ſublimity. The world and all its recollections faded from my mind, and left it to the influence of a ſerene and holy enthuſiaſm which no words can deſcribe.

Soon after my noviciation, I had the misfortune to loſe my dear father. In the tranquillity of this monaſtery, however, in the ſoothing kindneſs of my companions, and in devotional exerciſes, my ſorrows found relief, and the ſting of grief was blunted. My repoſe was of ſhort continuance. A circumſtance occurred that renewed the miſery, which can now never quit me but in the grave, to which I look with no fearful apprehenſion, but as a refuge from calamity, truſting that the power who has ſeen good to afflict me, will pardon the imperfectneſs of my devotion, and the too fre-

frequent wandering of my thoughts to the object once ſo dear to me."

As ſhe ſpoke ſhe raiſed her eyes, which beamed with truth and meek aſſurance, to heaven; and the fine devotional ſuffuſion of her countenance ſeemed to characterize the beauty of an inſpired ſaint.

"One day, Oh! never ſhall I forget it, I went as uſual to the confeſſional to acknowledge my ſins. I knelt before the father with eyes bent towards the earth, and in a low voice proceeded to confeſs. I had but one crime to deplore, and that was the too tender remembrance of him for whom I mourned, and whoſe idea impreſſed upon my heart, made it a blemiſhed offering to God.

I was interrupted in my confeſſion by a ſound of deep ſobs, and raiſing my eyes, Oh God, what were my ſenſations, when in the features of the holy father, I diſcovered Angelo! His image faded like

like a viſion from my ſight, and I ſunk at his feet. On recovering I found myſelf on my matraſs attended by a ſiſter, who I diſcovered by her converſation had no ſuſpicion of the occaſion of my diſorder. Indiſpoſition confined me to my bed for ſeveral days; when I recovered, I ſaw Angelo no more, and could almoſt have doubted my ſenſes, and believed that an illuſion had croſſed my ſight, till one day I found in my cell a written paper. I diſtinguiſhed at the firſt glance the hand writing of Angelo, that well-known hand which had ſo often awakened me to other emotions. I trembled at the ſight; my beating heart acknowledged the beloved characters; a cold tremor ſhook my frame, and half breathleſs I ſeized the paper. But recollecting myſelf, I pauſed —I heſitated: duty at length yielded to the ſtrong temptation, and I read the lines. Oh! thoſe lines! prompted by deſpair, and bathed in my tears! every word

word they offered gave a new pang to my heart, and ſwelled its anguiſh almoſt beyond endurance. I learned that Angelo, ſeverely wounded in a foreign engagement, had been left for dead upon the field; that his life was ſaved by the humanity of a common ſoldier of the enemy, who perceiving ſigns of exiſtence, conveyed him to a houſe. Aſſiſtance was ſoon procured, but his wounds exhibited the moſt alarming ſymptoms. During ſeveral months he languiſhed between life and death, till at length his youth and conſtitution ſurmounted the conflict, and he returned to Naples. Here he ſaw my brother, whoſe diſtreſs and aſtoniſhment at beholding him occaſioned a relation of paſt circumſtances, and of the vows I had taken in conſequence of the report of his death. It is unneceſſary to mention the immediate effect of this narration; the final one exhibited a very ſingular proof of his attachment

and

and deſpair;—he devoted himſelf to a monaſtic life, and choſe this abbey for the place of his reſidence, becauſe it contained the object moſt dear to his affections. His letter informed me that he had purpoſely avoided diſcovering himſelf, endeavouring to be contented with the opportunities which occurred of ſilently obſerving me, till chance had occaſioned the foregoing interview.—But that ſince its effects had been ſo mutually painful, he would relieve me from the apprehenſion of a ſimilar diſtreſs, by aſſuring me, that I ſhould ſee him no more. He was faithful to his promiſe; from that day I have never ſeen him, and am even ignorant whether he yet inhabits this aſylum; the efforts of religious fortitude, and the juſt fear of exciting curioſity, having withheld me from enquiry. But the moment of our laſt interview has been equally fatal to my peace and to my health, and

I truſt

I truſt I ſhall ere very long be releaſed from the agonizing ineffectual ſtruggles occaſioned by the conſciouſneſs of ſacred vows imperfectly performed, and by earthly affections not wholly ſubdued."

Cornelia ceaſed, and Julia, who had liſtened to the narrative in deep attention, at once admired, loved, and pitied her. As the ſiſter of Hippolitus, her heart expanded towards her, and it was now inviolably attached by the fine ties of ſympathetic ſorrow. Similarity of ſentiment and ſuffering united them in the firmeſt bonds of friendſhip; and thus, from reciprocation of thought and feeling, flowed a pure and ſweet conſolation.

Julia loved to indulge in the mournful pleaſure of converſing of Hippolitus, and when thus engaged, the hours crept unheeded by. A thouſand queſtions ſhe repeated concerning him, but to thoſe moſt intereſting to her, ſhe received

no conſolatory anſwer. Cornelia, who had heard of the fatal tranſaction at the caſtle of Mazzini, deplored with her its too certain conſequence.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

JULIA accuſtomed herſelf to walk in the fine evenings under the ſhade of the high trees that environed the abbey. The dewy coolneſs of the air refreſhed her. The innumerable roſeate tints which the parting ſun-beams reflected on the rocks above, and the fine vermil glow diffuſed over the romantic ſcene beneath, ſoftly fading from the eye, as the night-ſhades fell, excited ſenſations of a ſweet and tranquil nature, and ſoothed her into a temporary forgetfulneſs of her ſorrows.

The deep ſolitude of the place ſubdued her apprehenſion, and one evening ſhe ventured with Madame de Menon to lengthen her walk. They returned to the abbey without having ſeen a human being, except a friar of the monaſtery, who had been to a neighbouring town to order proviſion. On the following

lowing evening they repeated their walk; and, engaged in converſation, rambled to a conſiderable diſtance from the abbey. The diſtant bell of the monaſtery ſounding for veſpers, reminded them of the hour, and looking round, they perceived the extremity of the wood. They were returning towards the abbey, when ſtruck by the appearance of ſome majeſtic columns which were diſtinguiſhable between the trees, they pauſed. Curioſity tempted them to examine to what edifice pillars of ſuch magnificent architecture could belong, in a ſcene ſo rude, and they went on.

There appeared on a point of rock impending over the valley the reliques of a palace, whoſe beauty time had impaired only to heighten its ſublimity. An arch of ſingular magnificence remained almoſt entire, beyond which appeared wild cliffs retiring in grand perſpective. The ſun, which was now

ſetting,

ſetting, threw a trembling luſtre upon the ruins, and gave a finiſhing effect to the ſcene. They gazed in mute wonder upon the view; but the faſt fading light, and the dewy chillneſs of the air, warned them to return. As Julia gave a laſt look to the ſcene, ſhe perceived two men leaning upon a part of the ruin at ſome diſtance, in earneſt converſation. As they ſpoke, their looks were ſo attentively bent on her, that ſhe could have no doubt ſhe was the ſubject of their diſcourſe. Alarmed at this circumſtance, Madame and Julia immediately retreated towards the abbey. They walked ſwiftly through the woods, whoſe ſhades, deepened by the gloom of evening, prevented their diſtinguiſhing whether they were purſued. They were ſurprized to obſerve the diſtance to which they had ſtrayed from the monaſtery, whoſe dark towers were now obſcurely ſeen riſing among the trees that cloſed the perſpective. They had almoſt reached

the gates, when on looking back, they perceived the ſame men ſlowly advancing, without any appearance of purſuit, but clearly as if obſerving the place of their retreat.

This incident occaſioned Julia much alarm. She could not but believe that the men whom ſhe had ſeen were ſpies of the marquis;—if ſo, her aſylum was diſcovered, and ſhe had every thing to apprehend. Madame now judged it neceſſary to the ſafety of Julia, that the Abate ſhould be informed of her ſtory, and of the ſanctuary ſhe had ſought in his monaſtery, and alſo that he ſhould be ſolicited to protect her from parental tyranny. This was a hazardous, but a neceſſary ſtep, to provide againſt the certain danger which muſt enſue, ſhould the marquis, if he demanded his daughter of the Abate, be the firſt to acquaint him with her ſtory. If ſhe acted otherwiſe, ſhe feared that the Abate, in whoſe generoſity ſhe had not confided,

and

and whoſe pity ſhe had not ſolicited, would, in the pride of his reſentment, deliver her up, and thus would ſhe become a certain victim to the duke de Luovo.

Julia approved of this communication, though ſhe trembled for the event; and requeſted Madame to plead her cauſe with the Abate. On the following morning, therefore, Madame ſolicited a private audience of the Abate; ſhe obtained permiſſion to ſee him, and Julia, in trembling anxiety, watched her to the door of his apartment. This conference was long, and every moment ſeemed an hour to Julia, who, in fearful expectation, awaited with Cornelia the ſentence which would decide her deſtiny. She was now the conſtant companion of Cornelia, whoſe declining health intereſted her pity, and ſtrengthened her attachment.

Meanwhile Madame developed to the Abate the diſtreſsful ſtory of Julia. She

praiſed her virtues, commended her accompliſhments, and deplored her ſituation. She deſcribed the characters of the marquis and the duke, and concluded with pathetically repreſenting, that Julia had ſought in this monaſtery, a laſt aſylum from injuſtice and miſery, and with entreating that the Abate would grant her his pity and protection.

The Abate during this diſcourſe preſerved a ſullen ſilence; his eyes were bent to the ground, and his aſpect was thoughtful and ſolemn. When Madame ceaſed to ſpeak, a pauſe of profound ſilence enſued, and ſhe ſat in anxious expectation. She endeavoured to anticipate in his countenance the anſwer preparing, but ſhe derived no comfort from thence. At length raiſing his head, and awakening from his deep reverie, he told her that her requeſt required deliberation, and that the protection ſhe ſolicited for Julia, might involve

volve him in ſerious conſequences, ſince, from a character ſo determined as the marquis's, much violence might reaſonably be expected. "Should his daughter be refuſed him," concluded the Abate, "he may even dare to violate the ſanctuary."

Madame, ſhocked by the ſtern indifference of this reply, was a moment ſilent. The Abate went on. "Whatever I ſhall determine upon, the young lady has reaſon to rejoice that ſhe is admitted into this holy houſe; for I will even now venture to aſſure her, that if the marquis fails to demand her, ſhe ſhall be permitted to remain in this ſanctuary unmoleſted. You, Madam, will be ſenſible of this indulgence, and of the value of the ſacrifice I make in granting it; for in thus concealing a child from her parent, I encourage her in diſobedience, and conſequently ſacrifice my ſenſe of duty, to what may be juſtly called a weak humanity."

Madame liſtened to this pompous declamation in ſilent ſorrow and indignation. She made another effort to intereſt the Abate in favour of Julia, but he preſerved his ſtern inflexibility, and repeating that he would deliberate upon the matter, and acquaint her with the reſult, he aroſe with great ſolemnity, and quitted the room.

She now half repented of the confidence ſhe had repoſed in him, and of the pity ſhe had ſolicited, ſince he diſcovered a mind incapable of underſtanding the firſt, and a temper inacceſſible to the influence of the latter. With an heavy heart ſhe returned to Julia, who read in her countenance, at the moment ſhe entered the room, news of no happy import. When Madame related the particulars of the conference, Julia preſaged from it only miſery, and giving herſelf up for loſt—ſhe burſt into tears. She ſeverely deplored the confidence ſhe had been induced to yield; for ſhe

now

now ſaw herſelf in the power of a man, ſtern and unfeeling in his nature: and from whom, if he thought it fit to betray her, ſhe had no means of eſcaping. But ſhe concealed the anguiſh of her heart; and to conſole Madame, affected to hope where ſhe could only deſpair.

Several days elapſed, and no anſwer was returned from the Abate. Julia too well underſtood this ſilence.

One morning Cornelia entering her room with a diſturbed and impatient air, informed her that ſome emiſſaries from the marquis were then in the monaſtery, having enquired at the gate for the Abate, with whom, they ſaid, they had buſineſs of importance to tranſact. The Abate had granted them immediate audience, and they were now in cloſe conference.

At this intelligence the ſpirits of Julia forſook her; ſhe trembled, grew pale, and ſtood fixed in mute deſpair. Madame, though ſcarcely leſs diſtreſſed,

retained a preſence of mind. She underſtood too juſtly the character of the Superior, to doubt that he would heſitate in delivering Julia to the hands of the marquis. On this moment, therefore, turned the criſis of her fate!—this moment ſhe might eſcape—the next ſhe was a priſoner. She therefore adviſed Julia to ſeize the inſtant, and fly from the monaſtery before the conference was concluded, when the gates would moſt probably be cloſed upon her, aſſuring her, at the ſame time, ſhe would accompany her in flight.

The generous conduct of Madame called tears of gratitude into the eyes of Julia, who now awoke from the ſtate of ſtupefaction which diſtreſs had cauſed. But before ſhe could thank her faithful friend, a nun entered the room with a ſummons for Madame to attend the Abate immediately. The diſtreſs which this meſſage occaſioned can not eaſily be conceived. Madame adviſed Julia to

eſcape

eſcape while ſhe detained the Abate in converſation, as it was not probable that he had yet iſſued orders for her detention. Leaving her to this attempt, with an aſſurance of following her from the abbey as ſoon as poſſible, Madame obeyed the ſummons. The coolneſs of her fortitude forſook her as ſhe approached the Abate's apartment, and ſhe became leſs certain as to the occaſion of this ſummons.

The Abate was alone. His countenance was pale with anger, and he was pacing the room with ſlow but agitated ſteps. The ſtern authority of his look ſtartled her. "Read this letter," ſaid he, ſtretching forth his hand which held a letter, "and tell me what that mortal deſerves, who dares inſult our holy order, and ſet our ſacred prerogative at defiance." Madame diſtinguiſhed the hand writing of the marquis, and the words of the Superior threw her into the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. She took the

letter. It was dictated by that ſpirit of proud vindictive rage, which ſo ſtrongly marked the character of the marquis. Having diſcovered the retreat of Julia, and believing the monaſtery afforded her a willing ſanctuary from his purſuit, he accuſed the Abate of encouraging his child in open rebellion to his will. He loaded him and his ſacred order with opprobrium, and threatened, if ſhe was not immediately reſigned to the emiſſaries in waiting, he would in perſon lead on a force which ſhould compel the church to yield to the ſuperior authority of the father.

The ſpirit of the Abate was rouſed by this menace; and Julia obtained from his pride, that protection which neither his principle or his humanity would have granted. "The man ſhall tremble," cried he, "who dares defy our power, or queſtion our ſacred authority. The lady Julia is ſafe. I will protect her from this proud invader of our rights,

rights, and teach him at leaſt to venerate the power he cannot conquer. I have diſpatched his emiſſaries with my anſwer."

Theſe words ſtruck ſudden joy upon the heart of Madame de Menon, but ſhe inſtantly recollected, that ere this time Julia had quitted the abbey, and thus the very precaution which was meant to enſure her ſafety, had probably precipitated her into the hand of her enemy. This thought changed her joy to anguiſh; and ſhe was hurrying from the apartment in a ſort of wild hope, that Julia might not yet be gone, when the ſtern voice of the Abate arreſted her. "Is it thus," cried he, "that you receive the knowledge of our generous reſolution to protect your friend? Does ſuch condeſcending kindneſs merit no thanks—demand no gratitude?" Madame returned in an agony of fear, leſt one moment of delay might prove fatal to Julia, if haply ſhe had not yet

quitted the monaſtery. She was conſcious of her deficiency in apparent gratitude, and of the ſtrange appearance of her abrupt departure from the Abate, for which it was impoſſible to apologize, without betraying the ſecret, which would kindle all his reſentment. Yet ſome atonement his preſent anger demanded, and theſe circumſtances cauſed her a very painful embarraſſment. She formed a haſty excuſe; and expreſſing her ſenſe of his goodneſs, again attempted to retire, when the Abate frowning in deep reſentment, his features inflamed with pride, aroſe from his ſeat. "Stay," ſaid he, "whence this impatience to fly from the preſence of a benefactor?—If my generoſity fails to excite gratitude, my reſentment ſhall not fail to inſpire awe.—Since the lady Julia is inſenſible of my condeſcenſion, ſhe is unworthy of my protection, and I will reſign her to the tyrant who demands her."

To this ſpeech, in which the offended pride of the Abate overcoming all ſenſe of juſtice, accuſed and threatened to puniſh Julia for the fault of her friend, Madame liſtened in dreadful impatience. Every word that detained her ſtruck torture to her heart, but the concluding ſentence occaſioned new terror, and ſhe ſtarted at its purpoſe. She fell at the feet of the Abate in an agony of grief. "Holy father," ſaid ſhe, "puniſh not Julia for the offence which I only have committed; her heart will bleſs her generous protector, and for myſelf, ſuffer me to aſſure you that I am fully ſenſible of your goodneſs."

"If this is true," ſaid the Abate, "ariſe, and bid the lady Julia attend me." This command increaſed the confuſion of Madame, who had no doubt that her detention had proved fatal to Julia. At length ſhe was ſuffered to depart, and to her infinite joy found Julia in her own room. Her intention of eſcaping had

had yielded, immediately after the departure of Madame, to the fear of being diſcovered by the marquis's people. This fear had been confirmed by the report of Cornelia, who informed her, that at that time ſeveral horſemen were waiting at the gates for the return of their companions. This was a dreadful circumſtance to Julia, who perceived it was utterly impoſſible to quit the monaſtery, without ruſhing upon certain deſtruction. She was lamenting her deſtiny, when Madame recited the particulars of the late interview, and delivered the ſummons of the Abate.

They had now to dread the effect of that tender anxiety, which had excited his reſentment; and Julia ſuddenly elated to joy by his firſt determination, was as ſuddenly ſunk to deſpair by his laſt. She trembled with apprehenſion of the coming interview, though each moment of delay, which her fear ſolicited, would, by heightening the reſentment of the Abate, only increaſe the danger ſhe dreaded.

At

At length by a ſtrong effort ſhe re-animated her ſpirits, and went to the Abate's cloſet to receive her ſentence. He was ſeated in his chair, and his frowning aſpect chilled her heart. "Daughter," ſaid he, "you have been guilty of heinous crimes. You have dared to diſpute—nay openly to rebel, againſt the lawful authority of your father. You have diſobeyed the will of him whoſe prerogative yields only to ours. You have queſtioned his right upon a point of all others the moſt decided—the right of a father to diſpoſe of his child in marriage. You have even fled from his protection—and you have dared—inſidiouſly, and meanly have dared, to ſcreen your diſobedience beneath this ſacred roof. You have prophaned our ſanctuary with your crime. You have brought inſult upon our ſacred order, and have cauſed bold and impious defiance of our high prerogative. What puniſhment is adequate to guilt like this?"

The

The father pauſed—his eyes ſternly fixed on Julia, who, pale and trembling, could ſcarcely ſupport herſelf, and who had no power to reply. " I will be merciful, and not juſt," reſumed he,— " I will ſoften the puniſhment you deſerve, and will only deliver you to your father." At theſe dreadful words, Julia burſting into tears, ſunk at the feet of the Abate, to whom ſhe raiſed her eyes in ſupplicating expreſſion, but was unable to ſpeak. He ſuffered her to remain in this poſture. " Your duplicity, he reſumed, " is not the leaſt of your offences.—Had you relied upon our generoſity for forgiveneſs and protection, an indulgence might have been granted;—but under the diſguiſe of virtue you conceal'd your crimes, and your neceſſities were hid beneath the maſk of devotion."

Theſe falſe aſperſions rouſed in Julia the ſpirit of indignant virtue; ſhe aroſe from her knees with an air of dignity,

that

that ſtruck even the Abate. "Holy father," ſaid ſhe, "my heart abhors the crime you mention, and diſclaims all union with it. Whatever are my offences, from the ſin of hypocriſy I am at leaſt free; and you will pardon me if I remind you, that my confidence has already been ſuch, as fully juſtifies my claim to the protection I ſolicit. When I ſheltered myſelf within theſe walls, it was to be preſumed that they would protect me from injuſtice; and with what other term than injuſtice would you, Sir, diſtinguiſh the conduct of the marquis, if the fear of his power did not overcome the dictates of truth?"

The Abate felt the full force of this reproof; but diſdaining to appear ſenſible to it, reſtrained his reſentment. His wounded pride thus exaſperated, and all the malignant paſſions of his nature thus called into action, he was prompted to that cruel ſurrender which he had never before ſeriouſly intended. The offence which

which Madame de Menon had unintentionally given, his haughty ſpirit urged him to retaliate in puniſhment. He had, therefore, pleaſed himſelf with exciting a terror which he never meant to confirm, and he reſolved to be further ſolicited for that protection which he had already determined to grant. But this reproof of Julia touched him where he was moſt conſcious of defect; and the temporary triumph which he imagined it afforded her, kindled his reſentment into flame. He muſed in his chair, in a fixed attitude.—She ſaw in his countenance the deep workings of his mind—ſhe revolved the fate preparing for her, and ſtood in trembling anxiety to receive her ſentence. The Abate conſidered each aggravating circumſtance of the marquis's menace, and each ſentence of Julia's ſpeech; and his mind experienced, that vice is not only inconſiſtent with virtue, but with itſelf—for to gratify his malignity, he now diſ-

diſcovered that it would be neceſſary to ſacrifice his pride—ſince it would be impoſſible to puniſh the object of the firſt, without denying himſelf the gratification of the latter. This reflection ſuſpended his mind in a ſtate of torture, and he ſat wrapt in gloomy ſilence.

The ſpirit which lately animated Julia, had vaniſhed with her words—each moment of ſilence increaſed her apprehenſion; the deep brooding of his thoughts confirmed her in the apprehenſion of evil, and with all the artleſs eloquence of ſorrow, ſhe endeavoured to ſoften him to pity. He liſtened to her pleadings in ſullen ſtillneſs. But each inſtant now cooled the fervour of his reſentment to her, and increaſed his deſire of oppoſing the marquis. At length the predominant feature of his character reſumed its original influence, and overcame the workings of ſubordinate paſſion. Proud of his religious authority, he determined never

never to yield the prerogative of the church to that of the father, and reſolved to oppoſe the violence of the marquis with equal force.

He therefore condeſcended to relieve Julia from her terrors, by aſſuring her of his protection; but he did this in a manner ſo ungracious, as almoſt to deſtroy the gratitude which the promiſe demanded. She haſtened with the joyful intelligence to Madame de Menon, who wept over her tears of thankfulneſs.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XI.

NEAR a fortnight had elapſed without producing any appearance of hoſtility from the marquis, when one night, long after the hour of repoſe, Julia was awakened by the bell of the monaſtery. She knew it was not the hour cuſtomary for prayer, and ſhe liſtened to the ſounds, which rolled through the deep ſilence of the fabric, with ſtrong ſurprize and terror. Preſently ſhe heard the doors of ſeveral cells creak on their hinges, and the ſound of quick foot-ſteps in the paſſages—and through the crevices of her door ſhe diſtinguiſhed paſſing lights. The whiſpering noiſe of ſteps increaſed, and every perſon of the monaſtery ſeemed to have awakened. Her terror heightened; it occurred to her that the marquis had ſurrounded the abbey with his people, in the deſign of forcing her from her retreat;

and

and ſhe aroſe in haſte, with an intention of going to the chamber of Madame de Menon, when ſhe heard a gentle tap at the door. Her enquiry of who was there, was anſwered in the voice of Madame, and her fears were quickly diſſipated, for ſhe learned the bell was a ſummons to attend a dying nun, who was going to the high altar, there to receive extreme unction.

She quitted the chamber with Madame. In her way to the church, the gleam of tapers on the walls, and the glimpſe which her eye often caught of the friars in their long black habits, deſcending ſilently through the narrow winding paſſages, with the ſolemn toll of the bell, conſpired to kindle imagination, and to impreſs her heart with ſacred awe. But the church exhibited a ſcene of ſolemnity, ſuch as ſhe had never before witneſſed. Its gloomy aiſles were imperfectly ſeen by the rays of tapers from the high altar, which ſhed a ſoli-

tary

tary gleam over the remote parts of the fabric, and produced large maſſes of light and ſhade, ſtriking and ſublime in their effect.

While ſhe gazed, ſhe heard a diſtant chanting riſe through the aiſles; the ſounds ſwelled in low murmurs on the ear, and drew nearer and nearer, till a ſudden blaze of light iſſued from one of the portals, and the proceſſion entered. The organ inſtantly ſounded a high and ſolemn peal, and the voices riſing altogether, ſwelled the ſacred ſtrain. In front appeared the *Padre Abate*, with ſlow and meaſured ſteps, bearing the holy croſs. Immediately followed a litter, on which lay the dying perſon covered with a white veil, borne along and ſurrounded by nuns veiled in white, each carrying in her hand a lighted taper. Laſt came the friars, two and two, cloathed in black, and each bearing a light.

When they reached the high altar, the bier

bier was reſted, and in a few moments the anthem ceaſed. The Abate now approached to perform the unction; the veil of the dying nun was lifted—and Julia diſcovered her beloved Cornelia! Her countenance was already impreſſed with the image of death, but her eyes brightened with a faint gleam of recollection, when they fixed upon Julia, who felt a cold thrill run through her frame, and leaned for ſupport on Madame. Julia now for the firſt time diſtinguiſhed the unhappy lover of Cornelia, on whoſe features was depictured the anguiſh of his heart, and who hung pale and ſilent over the bier. The ceremony being finiſhed, the anthem ſtruck up; the bier was lifted, when Cornelia faintly moved her hand, and it was again reſted upon the ſteps of the altar. In a few minutes the muſic ceaſed; when lifting her heavy eyes to her lover, with an expreſſion of ineffable tenderneſs and grief, ſhe attempted to

ſpeak,

ſpeak, but the ſounds died on her cloſing lips. A faint ſmile paſſed over her countenance, and was ſucceeded by a fine devotional glow; ſhe folded her hands upon her boſom, and with a look of meek reſignation, raiſing towards heaven her eyes, in which now ſunk the laſt ſparkles of expiring life—her ſoul departed in a ſhort deep ſigh.

Her lover ſinking back, endeavoured to conceal his emotions, but the deep ſobs which agitated his breaſt, betrayed his anguiſh, and the tears of every ſpectator bedewed the ſacred ſpot where beauty, ſenſe, and innocence expired.

The organ now ſwelled in mournful harmony; and the voices of the aſſembly chanted in coral ſtrain, a low and ſolemn requiem to the ſpirit of the departed.

Madame hurried Julia, who was almoſt as lifeleſs as her departed friend, from the church. A death ſo ſudden, heightened the grief which ſepara-

tion would otherwiſe have occaſioned. It was the nature of Cornelia's diſorder, to wear a changeful but flattering aſpect. Though ſhe had long been declining, her decay was ſo gradual and imperceptible, as to lull the apprehenſions of her friends into ſecurity. It was otherwiſe with herſelf; ſhe was conſcious of the change, but forbore to afflict them with the knowledge of the truth. The hour of her diſſolution was ſudden, even to herſelf; but it was compoſed, and even happy. In the death of Cornelia, Julia ſeemed to mourn again that of Hippolitus. Her deceaſe appeared to diſſolve the laſt tie which connected her with his memory.

In one of the friars of the convent, Madame was ſurprized to find the father who had confeſſed the dying Vincent. His appearance revived the remembrance of the ſcene ſhe had witneſſed at the caſtle of Mazzini; and the laſt words of Vincent, combined with the circumſtances which had ſince occurred,

curred, renewed all her curioſity and aſtoniſhment. But his appearance excited more ſenſations than thoſe of wonder. She dreaded, leſt he ſhould be corrupted by the marquis, to whom he was known, and thus be induced to uſe his intereſt with the *Abate* for the reſtoration of Julia.

From the walls of the monaſtery, Julia now never ventured to ſtray. In the gloom of evening ſhe ſometimes ſtole into the cloiſters, and often lingered at the grave of Cornelia, where ſhe wept for Hippolitus, as well as for her friend. One evening, during veſpers, the bell of the convent was ſuddenly rang out; the *Abate*, whoſe countenance expreſſed at once aſtoniſhment and diſpleaſure, ſuſpended the ſervice, and quitted the altar. The whole congregation repaired to the hall, where they learned that a friar, retiring to the convent, had ſeen a troop of armed men advancing through the wood; and not doubting they were

the people of the marquis, and were approaching with hoſtile intention, had thought it neceſſary to give the alarm. The *Abate* aſcended a turret, and thence diſcovered through the trees a glittering of arms, and in the ſucceeding moment a band of men iſſued from a dark part of the wood, into a long avenue which immediately fronted the ſpot where he ſtood. The clattering of hoofs was now diſtinctly heard; and Julia, ſinking with terror, diſtinguiſhed the marquis heading the troop, which ſoon after ſeparating in two diviſions, ſurrounded the monaſtery. The gates were immediately ſecured; and the *Abate*, deſcending from the turret, aſſembled the friars in the hall, where his voice was ſoon heard above every other part of the tumult. The terror of Julia made her utterly forgetful of the *Padre's* promiſe, and ſhe wiſhed to fly for concealment to the deep caverns belonging to the monaſtery, which wound under the woods. Madame, whoſe penetration

netration furniſhed her with a juſt knowledge of the *Abate*'s character, founded her ſecurity on his pride. She therefore diſſuaded Julia from attempting to tamper with the honeſty of a ſervant who had the keys of the vaults, and adviſed her to rely entirely on the effect of the *Abate*'s reſentment towards the marquis. While Madame endeavoured to ſoothe her to compoſure, a meſſage from the *Abate*, required her immediate attendance. She obeyed, and he bade her follow him to a room which was directly over the gates of the monaſtery. From thence ſhe ſaw her father, accompanied by the duke de Luovo; and as her ſpirits died away at the ſight, the marquis called furiouſly to the *Abate* to deliver her inſtantly into his hands, threatening, if ſhe was detained, to force the gates of the monaſtery. At this threat the countenance of the *Abate* grew dark: and leading Julia forcibly to the window, from which ſhe had ſhrunk back, "Im-

piteous menacer!" ſaid he, "eternal vengeance be upon thee! From this moment we expel thee from all the rights and communities of our church. Arrogant and daring as you are, your threats I defy." "Look here," ſaid he, pointing to Julia, "and learn that you are in my power; for if you dare to violate theſe ſacred walls, I will proclaim aloud in the face of day, a ſecret which ſhall make your heart's blood run cold; a ſecret which involves your honour, nay, your very exiſtence. Now triumph and exult in impious menace!" The marquis ſtarted involuntarily at this ſpeech, and his features underwent a ſudden change, but he endeavoured to recover himſelf, and to conceal his confuſion. He heſitated for a few moments, uncertain how to act—to deſiſt from violence was to confeſs himſelf conſcious of the threatened ſecret; yet he dreaded to inflame the reſentment of the *Abate*, whoſe menaces his own

own heart too ſurely ſeconded. At length—"All that you have uttered," ſaid he, "I deſpiſe as the daſtardly ſubterfuge of monkiſh cunning. Your new inſults add to the deſire of recovering my daughter, that of puniſhing you. I would proceed to inſtant violence, but that would now be an imperfect revenge. I ſhall therefore withdraw my forces, and appeal to a higher power. Thus ſhall you be compelled at once to reſtore my daughter and retract your ſcandalous impeachment of my honour." Saying this, he turned his horſe from the gates, and his people following him, quickly withdrew, leaving the *Abate* exulting in conqueſt, and Julia loſt in aſtoniſhment and doubtful joy. When ſhe recounted to Madame the particulars of the conference, ſhe dwelt with emphaſis on the threats of the *Abate*; but Madame, though her amazement was heightened at every word, very well underſtood how the ſecret, whatever it was, had

been obtained. The confeſſor of Vincent ſhe had already obſerved in the monaſtery, and there was no doubt that he had diſcloſed whatever could be collected from the dying words of Vincent. She knew alſo, that the ſecret would never be publiſhed, unleſs as a puniſhment for immediate violence, it being one of the firſt principles of monaſtic duty, to obſerve a religious ſecrecy upon all matters entruſted to them in confeſſion.

When the firſt tumult of Julia's emotions ſubſided, the joy which the ſudden departure of the marquis occaſioned, yielded to apprehenſion. He had threatened to appeal to a higher power, who would compel the *Abate* to ſurrender her. This menace excited a juſt terror, and there remained no means of avoiding the tyranny of the marquis, but by quitting the monaſtery. She therefore requeſted an audience of the *Abate*; and having repreſented the danger of her

her preſent ſituation, ſhe intreated his permiſſion to depart in queſt of a ſafer retreat. The *Abate*, who well knew the marquis was wholly in his power, ſmiled at the repetition of his menaces, and denied her requeſt, under pretence of his having now become reſponſible for her to the church. He bade her be comforted, and promiſed her his protection; but his aſſurances were given in ſo diſtant and haughty a manner, that Julia left him with fears, rather increaſed than ſubdued. In croſſing the hall, ſhe obſerved a man haſtily enter it from an oppoſite door. He was not in the habit of the order, but was muffled up in a cloak, and ſeemed to wiſh concealment. As ſhe paſſed he raiſed his head, and Julia diſcovered—her father! He darted at her a look of vengeance; but before ſhe had time even to think, as if ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, he covered his face, and ruſhed by her. Her trembling frame could ſcarcely ſupport her to the

apartment of Madame, where ſhe ſunk ſpeechleſs upon a chair, and the terror of her look alone ſpoke the agony of her mind. When ſhe was ſomewhat recovered, ſhe related what ſhe had ſeen, and her converſation with the *Abate*. But Madame was loſt in equal perplexity with herſelf, when ſhe attempted to account for the marquis's appearance. Why, after his late daring menace, ſhould he come ſecretly to viſit the *Abate*, by whoſe connivance alone he could have gained admiſſion to the monaſtery? And what could have influenced the *Abate* to ſuch a conduct? Theſe circumſtances, though equally inexplicable, united to confirm a fear of treachery and ſurrender. To eſcape from the abbey was now impracticable, for the gates were conſtantly guarded; and even was it poſſible to paſs them, certain detection awaited Julia without from the marquis's people, who were ſtationed in the woods. Thus encompaſſed

compaſſed with danger, ſhe could only await in the monaſtery the iſſue of her deſtiny.

While ſhe was lamenting with Madame her unhappy ſtate, ſhe was ſummoned once more to attend the *Abate*. At this moment her ſpirits entirely forſook her; the criſis of her fate ſeemed arrived; for ſhe did not doubt that the *Abate* intended to ſurrender her to the marquis, with whom ſhe ſuppoſed he had negotiated the terms of accommodation. It was ſome time before ſhe could recover compoſure ſufficient to obey the ſummons; and when ſhe did, every ſtep that bore her towards the *Abate*'s room, increaſed her dread. She pauſed a moment at the door, 'ere ſhe had courage to open it; the idea of her father's immediate reſentment aroſe to her mind, and ſhe was upon the point of retreating to her chamber, when a ſudden ſtep within, near the door, deſtroyed her heſitation, and ſhe entered the

cloſet. The marquis was not there, and her ſpirits revived. The fluſh of triumph was diffuſed over the features of the *Abate*, though a ſhade of unappeaſed reſentment yet remained viſible. " Daughter," ſaid he, " the intelligence we have to communicate may rejoice you. Your ſafety now depends ſolely on yourſelf. I give your fate into your own hands, and its iſſue be upon your head." He pauſed, and ſhe was ſuſpended in wondering expectation of the coming ſentence. " I here ſolemnly aſſure you of my protection, but it is upon one condition only —that you renounce the world, and dedicate your days to God." Julia liſtened with a mixture of grief and aſtoniſhment. " Without this conceſſion on your part, I poſſeſs not the power, had I even the inclination, to protect you. If you aſſume the veil, you are ſafe within the pale of the church from temporal violence. If you neglect or refuſe

fuſe to do this, the marquis may apply to a power from whom I have no appeal, and I ſhall be compelled at laſt to reſign you."

" But to enſure your ſafety, ſhould the veil be your choice, we will procure a diſpenſation from the uſual forms of noviciation, and a few days ſhall confirm your vows." He ceaſed to ſpeak; but Julia, agitated with the moſt cruel diſtreſs, knew not what to reply. " We grant you three days to decide upon this matter," continued he, " at the expiration of which, the veil, or the duke de Luovo, awaits you." Julia quitted the cloſet in mute deſpair, and repaired to Madame, who could now ſcarcely offer her the humble benefit of conſolation.

Meanwhile the *Abate* exulted in ſucceſsful vengeance, and the marquis ſmarted beneath the ſtings of diſappointment. The menace of the former was too ſeriouſly alarming to ſuffer the marquis

to

to proſecute violent meaſures; and he had therefore reſolved, by oppoſing avarice to pride, to ſoothe the power which he could not ſubdue. But he was unwilling to entruſt the *Abate* with a proof of his compliance and his fears, by offering a bribe in a letter, and preferred the more humiliating, but ſafer method, of a private interview. His magnificent offers created a temporary heſitation in the mind of the *Abate*, who, ſecure of his advantage, ſhewed at firſt no diſpoſition to be reconciled, and ſuffered the marquis to depart in anxious uncertainty. After maturely deliberating upon the propoſals, the pride of the *Abate* ſurmounted his avarice, and he determined to prevail upon Julia effectually to deſtroy the hopes of the marquis, by conſecrating her life to religion. Julia paſſed the night and the next day in a ſtate of mental torture exceeding all deſcription. The gates of the monaſtery beſet with guards, and the

woods

woods ſurrounded by the marquis's people, made eſcape impoſſible. From a marriage with the duke, whoſe late conduct had confirmed the odious idea which his character had formerly impreſſed, her heart recoiled in horror, and to be immured for life within the walls of a convent, was a fate little leſs dreadful. Yet ſuch was the effect of that ſacred love ſhe bore the memory of Hippolitus, and ſuch her averſion to the duke, that ſhe ſoon reſolved to adopt the veil. On the following evening ſhe informed the *Abate* of her determination. His heart ſwelled with ſecret joy; and even the natural ſeverity of his manner relaxed at the intelligence. He aſſured her of his approbation and protection, with a degree of kindneſs which he had never before manifeſted, and told her the ceremony ſhould be performed on the ſecond day from the preſent. Her emotion ſcarcely ſuffered her to hear his laſt words.

Now

Now that her fate was fixed beyond recall, ſhe almoſt repented of her choice. Her fancy attached to it a horror not its own; and that evil, which, when offered to her deciſion, ſhe had accepted with little heſitation, ſhe now pauſed upon in dubious regret; ſo apt we are to imagine that the calamity moſt certain, is alſo the moſt intolerable!

When the marquis read the anſwer of the *Abate*, all the baleful paſſions of his nature were rouſed and inflamed to a degree which bordered upon diſtraction. In the firſt impulſe of his rage, he would have forced the gates of the monaſtery, and defied the utmoſt malice of his enemy. But a moment's reflection revived his fear of the threatened ſecret, and he ſaw that he was ſtill in the power of the Superior.

The *Abate* procured the neceſſary diſpenſation, and preparations were immediately began for the approaching ceremony. Julia watched the departure

of

of thoſe moments which led to her fate with the calm fortitude of deſpair. She had no means of eſcaping from the coming evil, without expoſing herſelf to a worſe; ſhe ſurveyed it therefore with a ſteady eye, and no longer ſhrunk from its approach.

On the morning preceding the day of her conſecration, ſhe was informed that a ſtranger enquired for her at the grate. Her mind had been ſo long accuſtomed to the viciſſitudes of apprehenſion, that fear was the emotion which now occurred; ſhe ſuſpected, yet ſcarcely knew why, that the marquis was below, and heſitated whether to deſcend. A little reflection determined her, and ſhe went to the parlour—where to her equal joy and ſurprize ſhe beheld—Ferdinand!

During the abſence of the marquis from his caſtle, Ferdinand, who had been informed of the diſcovery of Julia, effected his eſcape from impriſonment, and

and had haſtened to the monaſtery in the deſign of reſcuing her. He had paſſed the woods in diſguiſe, with much difficulty eluding the obſervation of the marquis's people, who were yet diſperſed round the abbey. To the monaſtery, as he came alone, he had been admitted without difficulty.

When he learned the conditions of the *Abate's* protection, and that the following day was appointed for the conſecration of Julia, he was ſhocked, and pauſed in deliberation. A period ſo ſhort as was this interval, afforded little opportunity for contrivance, and leſs for heſitation. The night of the preſent day was the only time that remained for the attempt and execution of a plan of eſcape, which if it then failed of ſucceſs, Julia would not only be condemned for life to the walls of a monaſtery, but would be ſubjected to whatever puniſhment the ſeverity of the *Abate*, exaſperated by the detection, ſhould think fit

to

to inflict. The danger was desperate, but the occasion was desperate also.

The nobly disinterested conduct of her brother, struck Julia with gratitude and admiration; but despair of success, made her now hesitate whether she should accept his offer. She considered that his generosity would most probably involve him in destruction with herself; and she paused in deep deliberation, when Ferdinand informed her of a circumstance which, till now, he had purposely concealed, and which at once dissolved every doubt and every fear. "Hippolitus," said Ferdinand, "yet lives." "Lives!" repeated Julia faintly, —"lives! Oh! tell me where—how." —Her breath refused to aid her, and she sunk in her chair, overcome with the strong and various sensations that pressed upon her heart. Ferdinand, whom the grate with-held from assisting her, observed her situation in extreme distress. When she recovered, he informed her

that

that a ſervant of Hippolitus, ſent no doubt by his lord to enquire concerning Julia, had been lately ſeen by one of the marquis's people in the neighbourhood of the caſtle. From him it was known that the count de Vereza was living, but that his life had been deſpaired of; and he was ſtill confined, by dangerous wounds, in an obſcure town on the coaſt of Italy. The man had ſteadily refuſed to mention the place of his lord's abode. Learning that the marquis was then at the abbey of St. Auguſtin, whither he purſued his daughter, the man diſappeared from Mazzini, and had not ſince been heard of.

It was enough for Julia to know that Hippolitus lived; her fears of detection, and her ſcruples concerning Ferdinand, inſtantly vaniſhed; ſhe thought only of eſcape—and the means which had lately appeared ſo formidable—ſo difficult in contrivance, and ſo dangerous in execution, now ſeemed eaſy, certain, and almoſt accompliſhed.

They

They conſulted on the plan to be adopted; and agreed, that in attempting to bribe a ſervant of the monaſtery to their intereſt, they ſhould incur a danger too iminent, yet it appeared ſcarcely practicable to ſucceed in their ſcheme without riſquing this. After much conſideration, they determined to entruſt their ſecret to no perſon but to Madame. Ferdinand was to contrive to conceal himſelf till the dead of night in the church, between which and the monaſtery were ſeveral doors of communication. When the inhabitants of the abbey were ſunk in repoſe, Julia might without difficulty paſs to the church, where Ferdinand awaiting her, they might perhaps eſcape either through an outer door of the fabric, or through a window, for which latter attempt Ferdinand was to provide ropes.

A couple of horſes were to be ſtationed among the rocks beyond the woods, to convey the fugitives to a ſea-port, whence they

they could eaſily paſs over to Italy. Having arranged this plan, they ſeparated in the anxious hope of meeting on the enſuing night.

Madame warmly ſympathized with Julia in her preſent expectations, and was now ſomewhat relieved from the preſſure of that ſelf reproach, with which the conſideration of having withdrawn her young friend from a ſecure aſylum, had long tormented her. In learning that Hippolitus lived, Julia experienced a ſudden renovation of life and ſpirits. From the languid ſtupefaction which deſpair had occaſioned ſhe revived as from a dream, and her ſenſations reſembled thoſe of a perſon ſuddenly awakened from a frightful viſion, whoſe thoughts are yet obſcured in the fear and uncertainty which the paſſing images have impreſſed on his fancy. She emerged from deſpair; joy illumined her countenance; yet ſhe doubted the reality of the ſcene which now opened to her view.

view. The hours rolled heavily along till the evening, when expectation gave way to fear, for ſhe was once more ſummoned by the *Abate*. He ſent for her to adminiſter the uſual neceſſary exhortation on the approaching ſolemnity; and having detained her a conſiderable time in tedious and ſevere diſcourſe, diſmiſſed her with a formal benediction.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XII.

THE evening now ſunk in darkneſs, and the hour was faſt approaching which would decide the fate of Julia. Trembling anxiety ſubdued every other ſenſation; and as the minutes paſſed, her fears increaſed. At length ſhe heard the gates of the monaſtery faſtened for the night; the bell rang the ſignal for repoſe; and the paſſing footſteps of the nuns told her they were haſtening to obey it. After ſome time, all was ſilent. Julia did not yet dare to venture forth; ſhe employed the preſent interval in intereſting and affectionate converſation with Madame de Menon, to whom, notwithſtanding her ſituation, her heart bade a ſorrowful adieu.

The clock ſtruck twelve, when ſhe aroſe to depart. Having embraced her faithful friend with tears of mingled grief

grief and anxiety, ſhe took a lamp in her hand, and with cautious, fearful ſteps deſcended through the long winding paſſages to a private door, which opened into the church of the monaſtery. The church was gloomy and deſolate; and the feeble rays of the lamp ſhe bore, gave only light enough to diſcover its chilling grandeur. As ſhe paſſed ſilently along the aiſles, ſhe caſt a look of anxious examination around —but Ferdinand was no where to be ſeen. She pauſed in timid heſitation, fearful to penetrate the gloomy obſcurity which lay before her, yet dreading to return.

As ſhe ſtood examining the place, vainly looking for Ferdinand, yet fearing to call, leſt her voice ſhould betray her, a hollow groan aroſe from a part of the church very near her. It chilled her heart, and ſhe remained fixed to the ſpot. She turned her eyes a little to the left, and ſaw light appear through

the chinks of a ſepulchre at ſome diſtance. The groan was repeated—a low murmuring ſucceeded, and while ſhe yet gazed, an old man iſſued from the vault with a lighted taper in his hand. Terror now ſubdued her, and ſhe uttered an involuntary ſhriek. In the ſucceeding moment, a noiſe was heard in a remote part of the fabric; and Ferdinand ruſhing forth from his concealment, ran to her aſſiſtance. The old man, who appeared to be a friar, and who had been doing penance at the monument of a ſaint, now approached. His countenance expreſſed a degree of ſurprize and terror almoſt equal to that of Julia's, who knew him to be the confeſſor of Vincent. Ferdinand ſeized the father; and laying his hand upon his ſword, threatened him with death if he did not inſtantly ſwear to conceal for ever his knowledge of what he then ſaw, and alſo aſſiſt them to eſcape from the abbey.

" Ungracious

" Ungracious boy !" replied the father in a calm voice, " deſiſt from this language, nor add to the follies of youth the crime of murdering, or terrifying a defenceleſs old man. Your violence would urge me to become your enemy, did not previous inclination tempt me to be your friend. I pity the diſtreſſes of the lady Julia, to whom I am no ſtranger, and will cheerfully give her all the aſſiſtance in my power."

At theſe words Julia revived, and Ferdinand, reproved by the generoſity of the father, and conſcious of his own inferiority, ſhrunk back. " I have no words to thank you," ſaid he, " or to entreat your pardon for the impetuoſity of my conduct ; your knowledge of my ſituation muſt plead my excuſe." " It does," replied the father, " but we have no time to loſe ;—follow me."

They followed him through the church to the cloiſters, at the extremity of which was a ſmall door, which the friar unlocked. It opened upon the woods.

"This path," ſaid he, "leads through an intricate part of the woods, to the rocks that riſe on the right of the abbey; in their receſſes you may ſecrete yourſelves till you are prepared for a longer journey. But extinguiſh your light; it may betray you to the marquis's people, who are diſperſed about this ſpot. Farewell! my children, and God's bleſſing be upon ye."

Julia's tears declared her gratitude; ſhe had no time for words. They ſtepped into the path, and the father cloſed the door. They were now liberated from the monaſtery, but danger awaited them without, which it required all their caution to avoid. Ferdinand knew the path, which the friar had pointed out, to be the ſame that led to the rocks where his horſes were ſtationed, and he purſued it with quick and ſilent ſteps. Julia, whoſe fears conſpired with the gloom of night to magnify and tranſform every object around her, imagined

gined at each ſtep that ſhe took, ſhe perceived the figures of men, and fancied every whiſper of the breeze the ſound of purſuit.

They proceeded ſwiftly, till Julia breathleſs and exhauſted could go no farther. They had not reſted many minutes, when they heard a ruſtling among the buſhes at ſome diſtance, and ſoon after diſtinguiſhed a low ſound of voices. Ferdinand and Julia inſtantly renewed their flight, and thought they ſtill heard voices advance upon the wind. This thought was ſoon confirmed, for the ſounds now gained faſt upon them, and they diſtinguiſhed words which ſerved only to heighten their apprehenſions when they reached the extremity of the woods. The moon, which was now up, ſuddenly emerging from a dark cloud, diſcovered to them ſeveral men in purſuit; and alſo ſhewed to the purſuers the courſe of the fugitives. They endeavoured to gain the rocks where the horſes were concealed, and

which now appeared in view. Theſe they reached when the purſuers had almoſt overtaken them—but their horſes were gone! Their only remaining chance of eſcape was to fly into the deep receſſes of the rock. They, therefore, entered a winding cave from whence branched ſeveral ſubterraneous avenues, at the extremity of one of which they ſtopped. The voices of men now vibrated in tremendous echoes through the various and ſecret caverns of the place, and the ſound of footſteps ſeemed faſt approaching. Julia trembled with terror, and Ferdinand drew his ſword, determined to protect her to the laſt. A confuſed volley of voices now ſounded up that part of the cave where Ferdinand and Julia lay concealed. In a few moments the ſteps of the purſuers ſuddenly took a different direction, and the ſounds ſunk gradually away, and were heard no more. Ferdinand liſtened attentively for a conſiderable time, but the ſtillneſs

of

of the place remained undiſturbed. It was now evident that the men had quitted the rock, and he ventured forth to the mouth of the cave. He ſurveyed the wilds around, as far as his eye could penetrate, and diſtinguiſhed no human being; but in the pauſes of the wind he ſtill thought he heard a ſound of diſtant voices. As he liſtened in anxious ſilence, his eye caught the appearance of a ſhadow, which moved upon the ground near where he ſtood. He ſtarted back within the cave, but in a few minutes again ventured forth. The ſhadow remained ſtationary; but having watched it for ſome time, Ferdinand ſaw it glide along till it diſappeared behind a point of rock. He had now no doubt that the cave was watched, and that it was one of his late purſuers whoſe ſhade he had ſeen. He returned, therefore, to Julia, and remained near an hour hid in the deepeſt receſs of the rock; when, no ſound having interrupted the pro-

found ſilence of the place, he at length once more ventured to the mouth of the cave. Again he threw a fearful look around, but diſcerned no human form. The ſoft moon-beam ſlept upon the dewy landſcape, and the ſolemn ſtillneſs of midnight wrapt the world. Fear heightened to the fugitives the ſublimity of the hour. Ferdinand now led Julia forth, and they paſſed ſilently along the ſhelving foot of the rocks.

They continued their way without farther interruption; and among the cliffs at ſome diſtance from the cave, diſcovered to their inexpreſſible joy, their horſes, who having broken their faſtenings, had ſtrayed thither, and had now laid themſelves down to reſt. Ferdinand and Julia immediately mounted; and deſcending to the plains, took the road that lead to a ſmall ſea-port at ſome leagues diſtance, whence they could embark for Italy.

They travelled for ſome hours through gloomy

gloomy foreſts of beech and cheſnut; and their way was only faintly illuminated by the moon, which ſhed a trembling luſtre through the dark foliage, and which was ſeen but at intervals, as the paſſing clouds yielded to the power of her rays. They reached at length the ſkirts of the foreſt. The grey dawn now appeared, and the chill morning air bit ſhrewdly. It was with inexpreſſible joy that Julia obſerved the kindling atmoſphere; and ſoon after the rays of the riſing ſun touching the tops of the mountains, whoſe ſides were yet involved in dark vapours.

Her fears diſſipated with the darkneſs.—The ſun now appeared amid clouds of inconceivable ſplendour; and unveiled a ſcene which in other circumſtances Julia would have contemplated with rapture. From the ſide of the hill, down which they were winding, a vale appeared, from whence aroſe wild and lofty mountains, whoſe ſteeps were cloathed

with hanging woods, except where here and there a precipice projected its bold and rugged front. Here, a few half withered trees hung from the crevices of the rock, and gave a picturesque wildness to the object; there, clusters of half seen cottages, rising from among tufted groves, embellished the green margin of a stream which meandered in the bottom, and bore its waves to the blue and distant main.

The freshness of morning breathed over the scene, and vivified each colour of the landscape. The bright dew-drops hung trembling from the branches of the trees, which at intervals overshadowed the road; and the sprighly music of the birds saluted the rising day. Notwithstanding her anxiety, the scene diffused a soft complacency over the mind of Julia.

About noon they reached the port, where Ferdinand was fortunate enough to obtain a small vessel; but the wind

was

was unfavourable, and it was paſt midnight before it was poſſible for them to embark.

When the dawn appeared, Julia returned to the deck; and viewed with a ſigh of unaccountable regret, the receding coaſt of Sicily. But ſhe obſerved with high admiration, the light gradually ſpreading through the atmoſphere, darting a feeble ray over the ſurface of the waters, which rolled in ſolemn ſoundings upon the diſtant ſhores. Fiery beams now marked the clouds, and the eaſt glowed with encreaſing radiance, till the ſun roſe at once above the waves, and illuminating them with a flood of ſplendour, diffuſed gaiety and gladneſs around. The bold concave of the heavens, uniting with the vaſt expanſe of the ocean, formed a *coup dœil*, ſtriking and ſublime. The magnificence of the ſcenery inſpired Julia with delight; and her heart dilating with high enthuſiaſm, ſhe forgot the ſorrows which had oppreſſed her.

The breeze wafted the ſhip gently along for ſome hours, when it gradually ſunk into a calm. The glaſſy ſurface of the waters was not curled by the lighteſt air, and the veſſel floated heavily on the boſom of the deep. Sicily was yet in view, and the preſent delay agitated Julia with wild apprehenſion. Towards the cloſe of day a light breeze ſprang up, but it blew from Italy, and a train of dark vapours emerged from the verge of the horizon, which gradually accumulating, the heavens became entirely overcaſt. The evening ſhut in ſuddenly; the riſing wind, the heavy clouds that loaded the atmoſphere, and the thunder which murmured afar off, terrified Julia, and threatened a violent ſtorm.

The tempeſt came on, and the captain vainly ſounded for anchorage: it was deep ſea, and the veſſel drove furiouſly before the wind. The darkneſs was interrupted only at intervals, by the broad expanſe of vivid lightnings, which

which quivered upon the waters, and diſcloſing the horrible gaſpings of the waves, ſerved to render the ſucceeding darkneſs more awful. The thunder which burſt in tremendous craſhes above, the loud roar of the waves below, the noiſe of the ſailors, and the ſudden cracks and groanings of the veſſel, conſpired to heighten the tremendous ſublimity of the ſcene.

Far on the rocky ſhores the ſurges ſound,
The laſhing whirlwinds cleave the vaſt profound;
While high in air, amid the riſing ſtorm,
Driving the blaſt, ſits Danger's black'ning form.

Julia lay fainting with terror and ſickneſs in the cabin, and Ferdinand though almoſt hopeleſs himſelf was endeavouring to ſupport her, when a loud and dreadful craſh was heard from above. It ſeemed as if the whole veſſel had parted. The voices of the ſailors now roſe together, and all was confuſion and uproar. Ferdinand ran up to the deck, and

and learned that part of the main maſt, borne away by the wind, had fallen upon the deck, whence it had rolled overboard.

It was now paſt midnight, and the ſtorm continued with unabated fury. For four hours the veſſel had been driven before the blaſt; and the captain now declaring it was impoſſible ſhe could weather the tempeſt much longer, ordered the long boat to be in readineſs. His orders were ſcarcely executed, when the ſhip bulged upon a reef of rocks, and the impetuous waves ruſhed into the veſſel:—a general groan enſued. Ferdinand flew to ſave his ſiſter, whom he carried to the boat, which was nearly filled by the captain and moſt of the crew. The ſea ran ſo high that it appeared impracticable to reach the ſhore; but the boat had not moved many yards, when the ſhip went to pieces. The captain now perceived by the flaſhes of lightning, a high rocky coaſt at about the diſtance of half a mile. The

men

men ſtruggled hard at the oars; but almoſt as often as they gained the ſummit of a wave, it daſhed them back again, and made their labour of little avail.

After much difficulty and fatigue they reached the coaſt, where a new danger preſented itſelf. They beheld a wild rocky ſhore, whoſe cliffs appeared inacceſſible, and which ſeemed to afford little poſſibility of landing. A landing however was at laſt effected; and the ſailors, after much ſearch, diſcovered a kind of path-way cut in the rock, which they all aſcended in ſafety.

The dawn now faintly glimmered, and they ſurveyed the coaſt, but could diſcover no human habitation. They imagined they were on the ſhores of Sicily, but poſſeſſed no means of confirming this conjecture. Terror, ſickneſs, and fatigue had ſubdued the ſtrength and ſpirits of Julia, and ſhe was obliged to reſt upon the rocks.

The

The ſtorm now ſuddenly ſubſided, and the total calm which ſucceeded to the wild tumult of the winds and waves, produced a ſtriking and ſublime effect. The air was huſhed in a deathlike ſtillneſs, but the waves were yet violently agitated; and by the encreaſing light, parts of the wreck were ſeen floating wide upon the face of the deep. Some ſailors who had miſſed the boat were alſo diſcovered clinging to pieces of the veſſel, and making towards the ſhore. On obſerving this, their ſhipmates immediately deſcended to the boat; and putting off to ſea, reſcued them from their perilous ſituation. When Julia was ſomewhat re-animated, they proceeded up the country in ſearch of a dwelling.

They had travelled near half a league, when the ſavage features of the country began to ſoften, and gradually changed to the picturesque beauty of Sicilian ſcenery. They now diſcovered at ſome diſtance a villa, ſeated on a gen-

tle-

tle eminence crowned with woods. It was the firſt human habitation they had ſeen ſince they embarked for Italy; and Julia, who was almoſt ſinking with fatigue, beheld it with delight. The captain and his men haſtened towards it to make known their diſtreſs, while Ferdinand and Julia ſlowly followed. They obſerved the men enter the villa, one of whom quickly returned to acquaint them with the hoſpitable reception his comrades had received.

Julia with difficulty reached the edifice, at the door of which ſhe was met by a young cavalier, whoſe pleaſing and intelligent countenance immediately intereſted her in his favour. He welcomed the ſtrangers with a benevolent politeneſs, that diſſolved at once every uncomfortable feeling which their ſituation had excited, and produced an inſtantaneous eaſy confidence. Through a light and elegant hall, riſing into a dome, ſupported by pillars of white marble,

marble, and adorned with buſts; he led them to a magnificent veſtibule, which opened upon a lawn. Having ſeated them at a table ſpread with refreſhments, he left them, and they ſurveyed with ſurprize, the beauty of the adjacent ſcene.

The lawn, which was on each ſide bounded by hanging woods, deſcended in gentle declivity to a fine lake, whoſe ſmooth ſurface reflected the ſurrounding ſhades. Beyond appeared the diſtant country, riſing on the left into bold romantic mountains, and on the right, exhibiting a ſoft and glowing landſcape, whoſe tranquil beauty formed a ſtriking contraſt to the wild ſublimity of the oppoſite craggy heights. The blue and diſtant ocean terminated the view.

In a ſhort time the cavalier returned, conducting two ladies of a very engaging appearance, whom he preſented as his wife and ſiſter. They welcomed Julia with graceful kindneſs; but fatigue

tigue ſoon obliged her to retire to reſt, and a conſequent indiſpoſition encreaſed ſo rapidly, as to render it impracticable for her to quit her preſent abode on that day. The captain and his men proceeded on their way, leaving Ferdinand and Julia at the villa, where ſhe experienced every kind and tender affection.

The day which was to have devoted Julia to a cloiſter, was uſhered in at the abbey with the uſual ceremonies. The church was ornamented, and all the inhabitants of the monaſtery prepared to attend. The *Padre Abate* now exulted in the ſucceſs of his ſcheme, and anticipated in imagination, the rage and vexation of the marquis, when he ſhould diſcover that his daughter was loſt to him for ever.

The hour of celebration arrived, and he entered the church with a proud firm ſtep, and with a countenance which depictured his inward triumph; he

he was proceeding to the high altar, when he was told that Julia was no where to be found. Aſtoniſhment for a while ſuſpended other emotions—he yet believed it impoſſible that ſhe could have effected an eſcape, and ordered every part of the abbey to be ſearched—not forgetting the ſecret caverns belonging to the monaſtery, which wound beneath the woods. When the ſearch was over, and he became convinced ſhe was fled; the deep workings of his diſappointed paſſions fermented into rage which exceeded all bounds. He denounced the moſt terrible judgments upon Julia; and calling for Madame de Menon, charged her with having inſulted her holy religion, in being acceſſary to the flight of Julia. Madame endured theſe reproaches with calm dignity, and preſerved a ſteady ſilence; but ſhe ſecretly determined to leave the monaſtery, and ſeek in another, the repoſe which ſhe could never hope to find in this.

The

The report of Julia's diſappearance ſpread rapidly beyond the walls, and ſoon reached the ears of the marquis, who rejoiced in the circumſtance, believing that ſhe muſt now inevitably fall into his hands.

After his people, in obedience to his orders, had carefully ſearched the ſurrounding woods and rocks, he withdrew them from the abbey; and having diſperſed them various ways in ſearch of Julia, he returned to the caſtle of Mazzini. Here new vexation awaited him, for he now firſt learned that Ferdinand had eſcaped from confinement.

The myſtery of Julia's flight was now diſſolved; for it was evident by whoſe means ſhe had effected it, and the marquis iſſued orders to his people to ſecure Ferdinand wherever he ſhould be found.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIPPOLITUS who had languiſhed under a long and dangerous illneſs occaſioned by his wounds, but heightened and prolonged by the diſtreſs of his mind, was detained in a ſmall town on the coaſt of Calabria, and was yet ignorant of the death of Cornelia. He ſcarcely doubted that Julia was now devoted to the duke, and this thought was at times poiſon to his heart. After his arrival in Calabria, immediately on the recovery of his ſenſes, he diſpatched a ſervant back to the caſtle of Mazzini, to gain ſecret intelligence of what had paſſed after his departure. The eagerneſs with which we endeavour to eſcape from miſery, taught him to encourage a remote and romantic hope, that Julia yet lived for him. Yet even this hope at length languiſhed into deſpair, as the time elapſed which ſhould have

have brought his ſervant from Sicily. Days and weeks paſſed away in the utmoſt anxiety to Hippolitus, for ſtill his emiſſary did not appear; and at laſt, concluding that he had been either ſeized by robbers, or diſcovered and detained by the marquis, the count ſent off a ſecond emiſſary to the caſtle of Mazzini. By him he learned the news of Julia's flight, and his heart dilated with joy; but it was ſuddenly checked, when he heard the marquis had diſcovered her retreat in the abbey of St. Auguſtin. The wounds which ſtill detained him in confinement, now became intolerable. Julia might yet be loſt to him for ever. But even his preſent ſtate of fear and uncertainty was bliſs compared with the anguiſh of deſpair, which his mind had long endured.

As ſoon as he was ſufficiently recovered, he quitted Italy for Sicily, in the deſign of viſiting the monaſtery of St. Auguſtin, where it was poſſible Julia might

might yet remain. That he might paſs with the ſecrecy neceſſary to his plan, and eſcape the attacks of the marquis, he left his ſervants in Calabria and embarked alone.

It was morning when he landed at a ſmall port of Sicily, and proceeded towards the abbey of St. Auguſtin. As he travelled, his imagination revolved the ſcenes of his early love, the diſtreſs of Julia, and the ſufferings of Ferdinand, and his heart melted at the retroſpect. He conſidered the probabilities of Julia's having found protection from her father in the pity of the *Padre Abate*; and even ventured to indulge himſelf in a flattering, fond anticipation of the moment, when Julia ſhould again be reſtored to his ſight.

He arrived at the monaſtery, and his grief may eaſily be imagined, when he was informed of the death of his beloved ſiſter, and of the flight of Julia. He quitted St. Auguſtin's immediately, without

without even knowing that Madame de Menon was there, and ſat out for a town at ſome leagues diſtance, where he deſigned to paſs the night.

Abſorbed in the melancholy reflections which the late intelligence excited, he gave the reins to his horſe, and journeyed on unmindful of his way. The evening was far advanced, when he diſcovered that he had taken a wrong direction, and that he was bewildered in a wild and ſolitary ſcene. He had wandered too far from the road to hope to regain it, and he had beſide no recollection of the objects left behind him. A choice of errors, only, lay before him. The view on his right hand exhibited high and ſavage mountains, covered with heath and black fir; and the wild deſolation of their aſpect, together with the dangerous appearance of the path that wound up their ſides, and which was the only apparent track they afforded, determined Hippolitus not to attempt their

aſcent. On his left lay a foreſt, to which the path he was then in led; its appearance was gloomy, but he preferred it to the mountains; and ſince he was uncertain of its extent, there was a poſſibility that he might paſs it, and reach a village before the night was ſet in. At the worſt, the foreſt would afford him a ſhelter from the winds; and however he might be bewildered in its labyrinths, he could aſcend a tree, and reſt in ſecurity till the return of light ſhould afford him an opportunity of extricating himſelf. Among the mountains there was no poſſibility of meeting with other ſhelter, than what the habitation of man afforded, and ſuch a ſhelter there was little probability of finding. Innumerable dangers alſo threatened him here, from which he would be ſecure on level ground.

Having determined which way to purſue, he puſhed his horſe into a gallop, and entered the foreſt as the laſt rays of the ſun trembled on the mountains.

tains. The thick foliage of the trees threw a gloom around, which was every moment deepened by the ſhades of evening. The path was uninterrupted, and the count continued to follow it till all diſtinction was confounded in the veil of night. Total darkneſs now made it impoſſible for him to purſue his way. He diſmounted, and faſtening his horſe to a tree, climbed among the branches, purpoſing to remain there till morning.

He had not been long in this ſituation, when a confuſed ſound of voices from a diſtance rouſed his attention. The ſound returned at intervals for ſome time, but without ſeeming to approach. He deſcended from the tree, that he might the better judge of the direction whence it came; but before he reached the ground, the noiſe was ceaſed, and all was profoundly ſilent. He continued to liſten, but the ſilence remaining undiſturbed, he began to think he had been deceived by the ſinging of the

wind among the leaves; and was preparing to re-aſcend, when he perceived a faint light glimmer through the foliage from afar. The ſight revived a hope that he was near ſome place of human habitation; he therefore unfaſtened his horſe, and led him towards the ſpot whence the ray iſſued. The moon was now riſen, and threw a checkered gleam over his path ſufficient to direct him.

Before he had proceeded far the light diſappeared. He continued however his way as nearly as he could gueſs, towards the place whence it had iſſued; and after much toil, found himſelf in a ſpot where the trees formed a circle round a kind of rude lawn. The moonlight diſcovered to him an edifice which appeared to have been formerly a monaſtery, but which now exhibited a pile of ruins, whoſe grandeur, heightened by decay, touched the beholder with reverential awe. Hippolitus pauſed to gaze upon the ſcene; the ſacred ſtillneſs of night

encreaſed

encreaſed its effect, and a ſecret dread he knew not wherefore, ſtole upon his heart.

The ſilence and the character of the place made him doubt whether this was the ſpot he had been ſeeking; and as he ſtood heſitating whether to proceed or to return, he obſerved a figure ſtanding under an arch-way of the ruin; it carried a light in its hand, and paſſing ſilently along, diſappeared in a remote part of the building. The courage of Hippolitus for a moment deſerted him. An invincible curioſity, however, ſubdued his terror, and he determined to purſue, if poſſible, the way the figure had taken.

He paſſed over looſe ſtones through a ſort of court, till he came to the arch-way; here he ſtopped, for fear returned upon him. Reſuming his courage, however, he went on, ſtill endeavouring to follow the way the figure had paſſed, and ſuddenly found himſelf in an encloſed part of the ruin, whoſe ap-

pearance was more wild and deſolate than any he had yet ſeen. Seized with unconquerable apprehenſion, he was retiring, when the low voice of a diſtreſſed perſon ſtruck his ear. His heart ſunk at the ſound, his limbs trembled, and he was utterly unable to move.

The ſound which appeared to be the laſt groan of a dying perſon, was repeated. Hippolitus made a ſtrong effort, and ſprang forward, when a light burſt upon him from a ſhattered caſement of the building, and at the ſame inſtant he heard the voices of men!

He advanced ſoftly to the window, and beheld in a ſmall room, which was leſs decayed than the reſt of the edifice, a group of men, who from the ſavageneſs of their looks, and from their dreſs, appeared to be banditti. They ſurrounded a man who lay on the ground wounded, and bathed in blood, and who it was very evident had uttered the groans heard by the count.

The

The obſcurity of the place prevented Hippolitus from diſtinguiſhing the features of the dying man. From the blood which covered him, and from the ſurrounding circumſtances, he appeared to be murdered; and the count had no doubt that the men he heheld were the murderers. The horror of the ſcene entirely overcame him; he ſtood rooted to the ſpot, and ſaw the aſſaſſins riſle the pockets of the dying perſons, who in a voice ſcarcely articulate, but which deſpair ſeemed to aid, ſupplicated for mercy. The ruffians anſwered him only with execrations, and continued their plunder. His groans and his ſufferings ſerved only to aggravate their cruelty. They were proceeding to take from him a miniature pictere, which was faſtened round his neck, and had been hitherto concealed in his boſom; when by a ſudden effort he half raiſed himſelf from the ground, and attempted to ſave it from their hands. The effort availed

him nothing; a blow from one of the villains laid the unfortunate man on the floor without motion. The horrid barbarity of the act ſeized the mind of Hippolitus ſo entirely, that forgetful of his own ſituation, he groaned aloud, and ſtarted with an inſtantaneous deſign of avenging the deed. The noiſe he made alarmed the banditti, who looking whence it came, diſcovered the count through the caſement. They inſtantly quitted their prize, and ruſhed towards the door of the room. He was now returned to a ſenſe of his danger, and endeavoured to eſcape to the exterior part of the ruin; but terror bewildered his ſenſes, and he miſtook his way. Inſtead of regaining the archway, he perplexed himſelf with fruitleſs wanderings, and at length found himſelf only more deeply involved in the ſecret receſſes of the pile.

The ſteps of his purſuers gained faſt upon him, and he continued to perplex himſelf

himſelf with vain efforts at eſcape, till at length, quite exhauſted, he ſunk on the ground, and endeavoured to reſign himſelf to his fate. He liſtened with a kind of ſtern deſpair, and was ſurprized to find all ſilent. On looking round, he perceived by a ray of moon-light which ſtreamed through a part of the ruin from above, that he was in a ſort of vault, which, from the ſmall means he had of judging, he thought was extenſive.

In this ſituation he remained for a conſiderable time, ruminating on the means of eſcape, yet ſcarcely believing eſcape was poſſible. If he continued in the vault, he might continue there only to be butchered; but by attempting to reſcue himſelf from the place he was now in, he muſt ruſh into the hands of the banditti. Judging it, therefore, the ſafer way of the two to remain where he was, he endeavoured to await his fate with fortitude, when ſuddenly the loud

voices of the murderers burſt upon his ear, and he heard ſteps advancing quickly towards the ſpot where he lay.

Deſpair inſtantly renewed his vigour; he ſtarted from the ground, and throwing round him a look of eager deſperation, his eye caught the glimpſe of a ſmall door, upon which the moon-beam now fell. He made towards it, and paſſed it juſt as the light of a torch gleamed upon the walls of the vault.

He groped his way along a winding paſſage, and at length came to a flight of ſteps. Notwithſtanding the darkneſs, he reached the bottom in ſafety.

He now for the firſt time ſtopped to liſten—the ſounds of purſuit were ceaſed, and all was ſilent! Continuing to wander on in effectual endeavours to eſcape, his hands at length touched cold iron, and he quickly perceived it belonged to a door. The door, however, was faſtened, and reſiſted all his efforts to open it. He was giving up the attempt

tempt in deſpair, when a loud ſcream from within, followed by a dead and heavy noiſe, rouſed all his attention. Silence enſued. He liſtened for a conſiderable time at the door, his imagination filled with images of horror, and expecting to hear the ſound repeated. He then ſought for a decayed part of the door, through which he might diſcover what was beyond; but he could find none; and after waiting ſome time without hearing any farther noiſe, he was quitting the ſpot, when in paſſing his arm over the door, it ſtruck againſt ſomething hard. On examination he perceived to his extreme ſurprize that the key was in the lock. For a moment he heſitated what to do; but curioſity overcame other conſiderations, and with a trembling hand he turned the key. The door opened into a large and deſolate apartment, dimly lighted by a lamp that ſtood on a table, which was almoſt the only furniture of the

place. The count had advanced ſeveral ſteps before he perceived an object, which fixed all his attention. This was the figure of a young woman lying on the floor apparently dead. Her face was concealed in her robe; and the long auburn treſſes which fell in beautiful luxuriance over her boſom, ſerved to veil a part of the glowing beauty which the diſorder of her dreſs would have revealed.

Pity, ſurprize, and admiration ſtruggled in the breaſt of Hippolitus; and while he ſtood ſurveying the object which excited theſe different emotions, he heard a ſtep advancing towards the room. He flew to the door by which he had entered, and was fortunate enough to reach it before the entrance of the perſons whoſe ſteps he heard. Having turned the key, he ſtopped at the door to liſten to their proceedings. He diſtinguiſhed the voices of two men, and knew them to be

thoſe of the aſſaſſins. Preſently he heard a piercing ſkriek, and at the ſame inſtant the voices of the ruffians grew loud and violent. One of them exclaimed that the lady was dying, and accuſed the other of having frightened her to death, ſwearing with horrid imprecations that ſhe was his, and he would defend her to the laſt drop of his blood. The diſpute grew higher; and neither of the ruffians would give up his claim to the unfortunate object of their altercation.

The claſhing of ſwords was ſoon after heard, together with a violent noiſe. The ſcreams were repeated, and the oaths and execrations of the diſputants redoubled. They ſeemed to move towards the door, behind which Hippolitus was concealed; ſuddenly the door was ſhook with great force, a deep groan followed, and was inſtantly ſucceeded by a noiſe like that of a perſon whoſe whole weight falls at once to the ground,

For

For a moment all was ſilent. Hippolitus had no doubt that one of the ruffians had deſtroyed the other, and was ſoon confirmed in the belief—for the ſurvivor triumphed with brutal exultation over his fallen antagoniſt. The ruffian haſtily quitted the room, and Hippolitus ſoon after heard the diſtant voices of ſeveral perſons in loud diſpute. The ſounds ſeemed to come from a chamber over the place where he ſtood; he alſo heard a trampling of feet from above, and could even diſtinguiſh, at intervals, the words of the diſputants. From theſe he gathered enough to learn that the affray which had juſt happened, and the lady who had been the occaſion of it, were the ſubjects of diſcourſe. The voices frequently roſe together, and confounded all diſtinction.

At length the tumult began to ſubſide, and Hippolitus could diſtinguiſh what was ſaid. The ruffians agreed to give up the lady in queſtion to him who had

had fought for her; and leaving him to his prize, they all went out in queſt of farther prey. The ſituation of the unfortunate lady excited a mixture of pity and indignation in Hippolitus, which for ſome time entirely occupied him; he revolved the means of extricating her from ſo deplorable a ſituation, and in theſe thoughts almoſt forgot his own danger. He now heard her ſighs; and while his heart melted to the ſounds, the farther door of the apartment was thrown open, and the wretch to whom ſhe had been allotted, ruſhed in. Her ſcreams now redoubled, but they were of no avail with the ruffian who had ſeized her in his arms; when the count, who was unarmed, inſenſible to every impulſe but that of a generous pity, burſt into the room, but became fixed like a ſtatue when he beheld his Julia ſtruggling in the graſp of the ruffian. On diſcovering Hippolitus, ſhe made a ſudden ſpring, and liberated herſelf; when, running

running to him, ſhe ſunk lifeleſs in his arms.

Surprize and fury ſparkled in the eyes of the ruffian, and he turned with a ſavage deſperation upon the count; who, relinquiſhing Julia, ſnatched up the ſword of the dead ruffian, which lay upon the floor, and defended himſelf. The combat was furious, but Hippolitus laid his antagoniſt ſenſeleſs at his feet. He flew to Julia, who now revived, but who for ſome time could ſpeak only by her tears. The tranſitions of various and rapid ſenſations, which her heart experienced, and the ſtrangely mingled emotions of joy and terror that agitated Hippolitus, can only be underſtood by experience. He raiſed her from the floor, and endeavoured to ſoothe her to compoſure, when ſhe called wildly upon Ferdinand. At his name the count ſtarted, and inſtantly remembered the dying cavalier, whoſe countenance the glooms had concealed

from

from his view. His heart thrilled with ſecret agony, yet he reſolved to withhold his terrible conjectures from Julia, of whom he learned that Ferdinand, with herſelf, had been taken by banditti in the way from the villa which had offered them ſo hoſpitable a reception after the ſhip-wreck. They were on the road to a port whence they deſigned again to embark for Italy, when this misfortune overtook them. Julia added that Ferdinand had been immediately ſeparated from her; and that, for ſome hours, ſhe had been confined in the apartment where Hippolitus found her.

The count with difficulty concealed his terrible apprehenſions for Ferdinand, and vainly ſtrove to ſoften Julia's diſtreſs. But there was no time to be loſt—they had yet to find a way out of the edifice, and before they could accompliſh this, the banditti might return. It was alſo poſſible that ſome of the party were left to watch this their abode

abode during the abſence of the reſt, and this was another circumſtance of reaſonable alarm.

After ſome little conſideration, Hippolitus judged it moſt prudent to ſeek an outlet through the paſſage by which he entered; he therefore took the lamp, and led Julia to the door. They entered the avenue, and locking the door after them, ſought the flight of ſteps down which the count had before paſſed; but having purſued the windings of the avenue a conſiderable time without finding them, he became certain he had miſtaken the way. They, however, found another flight, which they deſcended, and entered upon a paſſage ſo very narrow and low, as not to admit of a perſon walking upright. This paſſage was cloſed by a door, which on examination was found to be chiefly of iron. Hippolitus was ſtartled at the ſight, but on applying his ſtrength found it gradually yield, when the imprifoned

priſoned air ruſhed out, and had nearly extinguiſhed the light. They now entered upon a dark abyſs; and the door which moved upon a ſpring, ſuddenly cloſed upon them. On looking round they beheld a large vault; and it is not eaſy to imagine their horror on diſcovering they were in a receptacle for the murdered bodies of the unfortunate people who had fallen into the hands of the banditti.

The count could ſcarcely ſupport the fainting ſpirits of Julia; he ran to the door, which he endeavoured to open, but the lock was ſo conſtructed that it could be moved only on the other ſide, and all his efforts were uſeleſs. He was conſtrained, therefore, to ſeek for another door, but could find none. Their ſituation was the moſt deplorable that can be imagined; for they were now incloſed in a vault ſtrewn with the dead bodies of the murdered, and muſt there become the victims of famine, or of the ſword. The earth was in ſeveral places

thrown

thrown up, and marked the boundaries of new made graves. The bodies which remained unburied were probably left either from hurry or negligence, and exhibited a ſpectacle too ſhocking for humanity. The ſufferings of Hippolitus were increaſed by thoſe of Julia, who was ſinking with horror, and who he endeavoured to ſupport to a part of the vault which fell into a receſs—where ſtood a bench.

They had not been long in this ſituation, when they heard a noiſe which approached gradually, and which did not appear to come from the avenue they had paſſed.

The noiſe increaſed, and they could diſtinguiſh voices. Hippolitus believed the murderers were returned; that they had traced his retreat, and were coming towards the vault by ſome way unknown to him. He prepared for the worſt—and drawing his ſword, reſolved to defend Julia to the laſt. Their apprehen-

prehenſion, however, was ſoon diſſipated by a trampling of horſes, which ſound had occaſioned his alarm, and which now ſeemed to come from a court-yard above, extremely near the vault. He diſtinctly heard the voices of the banditti, together with the moans and ſupplications of ſome perſon, whom it was evident they were about to plunder. The ſound appeared ſo very near, that Hippolitus was both ſhocked and ſurprized; and looking round the vault, he perceived a ſmall grated window placed very high in the wall, which he concluded overlooked the place where the robbers were aſſembled. He recollected that his light might betray him; and horrible as was the alternative, he was compelled to extinguiſh it. He now attempted to climb to the grate, through which he might obtain a view of what was paſſing without. This at length he effected, for the ruggedneſs of the wall afforded him a footing. He beheld

beheld in a ruinous court, which was partially illuminated by the glare of torches, a group of banditti ſurrounding two perſons who were bound on horſe-back, and who were ſupplicating for mercy.

One of the robbers exclaiming with an oath that this was a golden night, bade his comrades diſpatch, adding he would go to find Paulo and the lady.

The effect which the latter part of this ſentence had upon the priſoners in the vault, may be more eaſily imagined than deſcribed. They were now in total darkneſs in this manſion of the murdered, without means of eſcape, and in momentary axpectation of ſharing a fate ſimilar to that of the wretched objects around them. Julia overcome with diſtreſs and terror, ſunk on the ground; and Hippolitus, deſcending from the grate, became inſenſible of his own danger in his apprehenſion for her.

In a ſhort time all without was confu-

ſion

ſion and uproar; the ruffian who had left the court returned with the alarm that the lady was fled, and that Paulo was murdered. The robbers quitting their booty to go in ſearch of the fugitive, and to diſcover the murderer, dreadful vociferations reſounded through every receſs of the pile.

The tumult had continued a conſiderable time, which the priſoners had paſſed in a ſtate of horrible ſuſpence, when they heard the uproar advancing towards the vault, and ſoon after a number of voices ſhouted down the avenue. The ſound of ſteps quickened. Hippolitus again drew his ſword, and placed himſelf oppoſite the entrance, where he had not ſtood long, when a violent puſh was made againſt the door; it flew open, and a party of men ruſhed into the vault.

Hippolitus kept his poſition, proteſting he would deſtroy the firſt who approached. At the ſound of his voice they

they ſtopped; but preſently advancing, commanded him in the king's name to ſurrender. He now diſcovered what his agitation had prevented him from obſerving ſooner, that the men before him were not banditti, but the officers of juſtice. They had received information of this haunt of villainy from the ſon of a Sicilian nobleman, who had fallen into the hands of the banditti, and had afterwards eſcaped from their power.

The officers came attended by a guard, and were every way prepared to proſecute a ſtrenuous ſearch through theſe horrible receſſes.

Hippolitus enquired for Ferdinand, and they all quitted the vault in ſearch of him. In the court, to which they now aſcended, the greater part of the banditti were ſecured by a number of the guard. The count accuſed the robbers of having ſecreted his friend, whom he deſcribed, and demanded to have liberated.

With

With one voice they denied the fact, and were reſolute in perſiſting that they knew nothing of the perſon deſcribed. This denial confirmed Hippolitus in his former terrible ſurmiſe; that the dying cavalier whom he had ſeen, was no other than Ferdinand, and he became furious. He bade the officers proſecute their ſearch, who, leaving a guard over the banditti they had ſecured, followed him to the room where the late dreadful ſcene had been acted.

The room was dark and empty; but the traces of blood were viſible on the floor; and Julia, though ignorant of the particular apprehenſion of Hippolitus, almoſt ſwooned at the ſight. On quitting the room, they wandered for ſome time among the ruins, without diſcovering any thing extraordinary, till, in paſſing under the arch-way by which Hippolitus had firſt entered the building, their footſteps returned a deep ſound, which convinced them that the ground beneath

was hollow. On cloſe examination, they perceived by the light of their torch, a trap door, which with ſome difficulty they lifted, and diſcovered beneath a narrow flight of ſteps. They all deſcended into a low winding paſſage, where they had not been long, when they heard a trampling of horſes above, and a loud and ſudden uproar.

The officers apprehending that the banditti had overcome the guard, ruſhed back to the trap-door, which they had ſcarcely lifted, when they heard a claſhing of ſwords, and a confuſion of unknown voices. Looking onward, they beheld through the arch, in an inner ſort of court, a large party of banditti who were juſt arrived, reſcuing their comrades, and contending furiouſly with the guard.

On obſerving this, ſeveral of the officers ſprang forward to the aſſiſtance of their friends; and the reſt, ſubdued by cowardice, hurried down the ſteps, letting

letting the trap door fall after them with a thundering noiſe. They gave notice to Hippolitus of what was paſſing above, who hurried Julia along the paſſage in ſearch of ſome outlet or place of concealment. They could find neither; and had not long purſued the windings of the way, when they heard the trap-door lifted, and the ſteps of perſons deſcending. Deſpair gave ſtrength to Julia, and winged her flight. But they were now ſtopped by a door which cloſed the paſſage, and the ſound of diſtant voices murmured along the walls.

The door was faſtened by ſtrong iron bolts, which Hippolitus vainly endeavoured to draw. The voices drew near. After much labour and difficulty the bolts yielded—the door uncloſed—and light dawned upon them through the mouth of a cave, into which they now entered. On quitting the cave they found themſelves in the foreſt, and in a ſhort time

reached the borders. They now ventured to ſtop, and looking back perceived no perſon in purſuit.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Julia had reſted, they followed the track before them, and in a ſhort time arrived at a v lage where they obtained ſecurity and refreſhment.

But Julia, whoſe mind was occupied with dreadful anxiety for Ferdinand, became indifferent to all around her. Even the preſence of Hippolitus, which but lately would have raiſed her from miſery to joy, failed to ſoothe her diſtreſs. The ſteady and noble attachment of her brother had ſunk deep in her heart, and reflection only aggravated her affliction. Yet the banditti had ſteadily perſiſted in affirming that he was not concealed in their receſſes; and this circumſtance, which threw a deeper ſhade over the fears of Hippolitus, imparted a glimmering of hope to the mind of Julia.

A more immediate intereſt at length forced her mind from this ſorrowful ſubject. It was neceſſary to determine upon ſome line of conduct, for ſhe was now in an unknown ſpot, and ignorant of any place of refuge. The count, who trembled at the dangers which enviroined her, and at the probabilities he ſaw of her being torn from him for ever, ſuffered a conſiderarion of them to overcome the dangerous delicacy which at this mournful period required his ſilence. He entreated her to deſtroy the poſſibility of ſeparation, by conſenting to become his immediately. He urged that a prieſt conld be eaſily procured from a neighbouring convent, who would confirm the bonds which had ſo long united their hearts, and who would thus at once arreſt the deſtiny that ſo long had threatened his hopes.

This propoſal, though ſimilar to the one ſhe had before accepted; and though the certain means of reſcuing her from the

the fate ſhe dreaded, ſhe now turned from in ſorrow and dejection. She loved Hippolitus with a ſteady and tender affection, which was ſtill heightened by the gratitude he claimed as her deliverer; but ſhe conſidered it a prophanation of the memory of that brother who had ſuffered ſo much for her ſake, to mingle joy with the grief which her uncertainty concerning him occaſioned. She ſoftened her refuſal with a tender grace, that quickly diſſipated the jealous doubt ariſing in the mind of Hippolitus, and encreaſed his fond admiration of her character.

She deſired to retire for a time to ſome obſcure convent, there to await the iſſue of the event, which at preſent involved her in perplexity and ſorrow.

Hippolitus ſtruggled with his feelings, and forbore to preſs farther the ſuit on which his happineſs, and almoſt his exiſtence, now depended. He enquired

at the village for a neighbouring convent, and was told, that there was none within twelve leagues, but that near the town of Palini, at about that diſtance were two. He procured horſes; and leaving the officers to return to Palermo for a ſtronger guard, he, accompanied by Julia, entered on the road to Palini.

Julia was ſilent and thoughtful; Hippolitus gradually ſunk into the ſame mood, and he often caſt a cautious look around as they travelled for ſome hours along the feet of the mountains. They ſtopped to dine under the ſhade of ſome beech trees; for, fearful of diſcovery, Hippolitus had provided againſt the neceſſity of entering many inns. Having finiſhed their repaſt, they purſued their journey; but Hippolitus now began to doubt whether he was in the right direction. Being deſtitute, however, of the means of certainty upon this point, he followed the road before him,

him, which now wound up the ſide of a ſteep hill, whence they deſcended into a rich valley, where the ſhepherd's pipe ſounded ſweetly from afar among the hills. The evening ſun ſhed a mild and mellow luſtre over the landſcape, and ſoftened each feature with a vermil glow that would have inſpired a mind leſs occupied than Julia's, with ſenſations of congenial tranquillity.

The evening now cloſed in; and as they were doubtful of the road, and found it would be impoſſible to reach Palini that night, they took the way to a village, which they perceived at the extremity of the valley.

They had proceeded about half a mile, when they heard a ſudden ſhout of voices ecchoed from among the hills behind them; and looking back perceived faintly through the duſk a party of men on horſeback making towards them. As they drew nearer, the words they ſpoke were diſtinguiſhable, and

Julia heard her own name ſounded. Shocked at this circumſtance, ſhe had now no doubt that ſhe was diſcovered by a party of her father's people, and ſhe fled with Hippolitus along the valley. The purſuers, however, were almoſt come up with them, when they reached the mouth of a cavern, into which ſhe ran for concealment. Hippolitus drew his ſword; and awaiting his enemies, ſtood to defend the entrance.

In a few moments Julia heard the claſhing of ſwords. Her heart trembled for Hippolitus; and ſhe was upon the point of returning to reſign herſelf at once to the power of her enemies, and thus avert the danger that threatened him, when ſhe diſtinguiſhed the loud voice of the duke.

She ſhrunk involuntarily at the ſound, and purſuing the windings of the cavern, fled into its inmoſt receſſes. Here ſhe had not been long when the voices

ſounded

ſounded through the cave, and drew near. It was now evident that Hippolitus was conquered, and that her enemies were in ſearch of her. She threw round a look of unutterable anguiſh, and perceived very near, by a ſudden gleam of torch-light, a low and deep receſs in the rock. The light which belonged to her purſuers, grew ſtronger; and ſhe entered the rock on her knees, for the overhanging craggs would not ſuffer her to paſs otherwiſe; and having gone a few yards, perceived that it was terminated by a door. The door yielded to her touch, and ſhe ſuddenly found herſelf in a highly vaulted cavern, which received a feeble light from the moon beams that ſtreamed through an opening in the rock above.

She cloſed the door, and pauſed to liſten. The voices grew louder, and more diſtinct, and at laſt approached ſo near, that ſhe diſtinguiſhed what was ſaid. Above the reſt ſhe heard the

voice of the duke. " It is impoſſible ſhe can have quitted the cavern," ſaid he, " and I will not leave it till I have found her. Seek to the left of that rock, while I examine beyond this point."

Theſe words were ſufficient for Julia; ſhe fled from the door acroſs the cavern before her, and having ran a conſiderable way, without coming to a termination, ſtopped to breathe. All was now ſtill; and as ſhe looked around, the gloomy obſcurity of the place ſtruck upon her fancy all its horrors. She imperfectly ſurveyed the vaſtneſs of the cavern in wild amazement, and feared that ſhe had precipitated herſelf again into the power of banditti, for whom alone this place appeared a fit receptacle. Having liſtened a long time without hearing a return of voices, ſhe thought to find the door by which ſhe had entered, but the gloom, and vaſt extent of the cavern, made the endeavour hopeleſs, and the attempt unſucceſsful. Having wandered

ed a conſiderable time through the void, ſhe gave up the effort, endeavoured to reſign herſelf to her fate, and to compoſe her diſtracted thoughts. The remembrance of her former wonderful eſcape inſpired her with confidence in the mercy of God. But Hippolitus and Ferdinand were now both loſt to her—loſt, perhaps for ever—and the uncertainty of their fate gave force to fancy, and poignancy to ſorrow.

Towards morning grief yielded to nature, and Julia ſunk to repoſe. She was awakened by the ſun, whoſe rays darting obliquely through the opening in the rock, threw a partial light acroſs the cavern. Her ſenſes were yet bewildered by ſleep, and ſhe ſtarted in affright on beholding her ſituation; as recollection gradually ſtole upon her mind, her ſorrows returned, and ſhe ſickened at the fatal retroſpect.

She aroſe, and renewed her ſearch for an outlet. The light, imperfect as it

was,

was, now aſſiſted her, and ſhe found a door, which ſhe perceived was not the one by which ſhe had entered. It was firmly faſtened; ſhe diſcovered, however, the bolts and the lock that held it, and at length uncloſed the door. It opened upon a dark paſſage, which ſhe entered.

She groped along the winding walls for ſome time, when ſhe perceived the way was obſtructed. She now diſcovered that another door interrupted her progreſs, and ſought for the bolts which might faſten it. Theſe ſhe found; and ſtrengthened by deſperation forced them back. The door opened, and ſhe beheld in a ſmall room, which received its feeble light from a window above, the pale and emaciated figure of a woman, ſeated, with half cloſed eyes, in a kind of elbow chair. On perceiving Julia, ſhe ſtarted from her ſeat, and her countenance expreſſed a wild ſurprize. Her features, which were worn by ſorrow, ſtill retained

tained the traces of beauty, and in her air was a mild dignity that excited in Julia an involuntary veneration.

She ſeemed as if about to ſpeak, when fixing her eyes earneſtly and ſteadily upon Julia, ſhe ſtood for a moment in eager gaze, and ſuddenly exclaiming, "My daughter!" fainted away.

The aſtoniſhment of Julia would ſcarcely ſuffer her to aſſiſt the lady, who lay ſenſeleſs on the floor. A multitude of ſtrange imperfect ideas ruſhed upon her mind, and ſhe was loſt in perplexity; but as ſhe examined the features of the ſtranger, which were now re-kindling into life, ſhe thought ſhe diſcovered the reſemblance of Emilia!

The lady breathing a deep ſigh, unclоſed her eyes; ſhe raiſed them to Julia, who hung over her in ſpeechleſs aſtoniſhment, and fixing them upon her with a tender earneſt expreſſion—they filled with tears. She preſſed Julia to her heart, and a few moments of exquiſite,

quiſite, unutterable emotion followed. When the lady becaem more compoſed, "Thank heaven!" ſaid ſhe, "my prayer is granted. I am permitted to embrace one of my children before I die. Tell me what brought you hither. Has the marquis at laſt relented, and allowed me once more to behold you, or has his death diſſolved my wretched bondage?"

Truth now glimmered upon the mind of Julia, but ſo faintly, that inſtead of enlightening, it ſerved only to encreaſe her perplexity.

"Is the marquis Mazzini living?" continued the lady. Theſe words were not to be doubted; Julia threw herſelf at the feet of her mother, and embracing her knees in an energy of joy, anſwered only in ſobs.

The marchioneſs eagerly enquired after her children, "Emilia is living," anſwered Julia, "but my dear brother—" "Tell me," cried the marchioneſs, with quickneſs. An explanation enſued;

When

When ſhe was informed concerning Ferdinand, ſhe ſighed deeply, and raiſing her eyes to heaven, endeavoured to aſſume a look of pious reſignation; but the ſtruggle of maternal feeling was viſible in her countenance, and almoſt overcame her powers of reſiſtance.

Julia gave a ſhort account of the preceding adventures, and of her entrance into the cavern; and found to her inexpreſſible ſurprize, that ſhe was now in a ſubterranean abode belonging to the ſouthern buildings of the caſtle of Mazzini! The marchioneſs was beginning her narrative, when a door was heard to unlock above, and the ſound of a footſtep followed.

"Fly!" cried the marchioneſs, "ſecrete yourſelf if poſſible, for the marquis is coming." Julia's heart ſunk at theſe words; ſhe pauſed not a moment, but retired through the door by which ſhe had entered. This ſhe had ſcarcely done, when another door of the cell

was ..

was unlocked, and ſhe heard the voice of her father. Its ſounds thrilled her with a univerſal tremour; the dread of diſcovery ſo ſtrongly operated upon her mind, that ſhe ſtood in momentary expectation of ſeeing the door of the paſſage uncloſed by the marquis; and ſhe was deprived of all power of ſeeking refuge in the cavern.

At length the marquis, who came with food, quitted the cell, and relocked the door, when Julia ſtole forth from her hiding place. The marchioneſs again embraced, and wept over her daughter. The narrative of her ſufferings upon which ſhe now entered, entirely diſſipated the myſtery which had ſo long enveloped the ſouthern buildings of the caſtle."

" Oh! why," ſaid the marchioneſs, " is it my taſk to diſcover to my daughter the vices of her father? In relating my ſufferings, I reveal his crimes! It is now about fifteen years, as near as I can gueſs

gueſs from the ſmall means I have of judging, ſince I entered this horrible abode. My ſorrows, alas! began not here; they commenced at an earlier period. But it is ſufficient to obſerve, that the paſſion whence originated all my misfortunes, was diſcovered by me long before I experienced its moſt baleful effects."

Seven years had elapſed ſince my marriage, when the charms of Maria de Vellorno, a young lady ſingularly beautiful, inſpired the marquis with a paſſion as violent as it was irregular. I obſerved with deep and ſilent anguiſh, the cruel indifference of my lord towards me, and the rapid progreſs of his paſſion for another. I ſeverely examined my paſt conduct, which I am thankful to ſay preſented a retroſpect of only blameleſs actions; and I endeavoured by meek ſubmiſſion, and tender aſſiduities, to recall that affection which was, alas! gone for ever. My meek ſubmiſſion

was

was conſidered as the mark of a ſervile and inſenſible mind; and my tender aſſiduities, to which his heart no longer reſponded, created only diſguſt, and exalted the proud ſpirit it was meant to conciliate."

"The ſecret grief which this change occaſioned, conſumed my ſpirits, and preyed upon my conſtitution, till at length a ſevere illneſs threatened my life. I beheld the approach of death with a ſteady eye, and even welcomed it as the paſsport to tranquillity; but it was deſtined that I ſhould linger through new ſcenes of miſery."

"One day, which it appears was the paroxyſm of my diſorder, I ſunk into a ſtate of total torpidity, in which I lay for ſeveral hours. It is impoſſible to deſcribe my feelings, when, on recovering, I found myſelf in this hideous abode. For ſome time I doubted my ſenſes, and afterwards believed that I had quitted this world for another; but

I was

I was not long ſuffered to continue in my error, the appearance of the marquis bringing me to to a perfect ſenſe of my ſituation."

"I now underſtood that I had been conveyed by his direction to this receſs of horror, where it was his will I ſhould remain. My prayers, my ſupplications were ineffectual; the hardneſs of his heart repelled my ſorrows back upon myſelf; and as no entreaties could prevail upon him to inform me where I was, or of his reaſon for placing me here, I remained for many years ignorant of my vicinity to the caſtle, and of the motive for my confinement."

"From that fatal day, until very lately, I ſaw the marquis no more—but was attended by a perſon who had been for ſome years dependant upon his bounty, and whom neceſſity, united to an inſenſible heart, had doubtleſs induced to accept this office. He generally brought me a week's proviſions, at ſtated

ſtated intervals, and I remarked that his viſits were always in the night."

"Contrary to my expectation, or my wiſh, nature did that for me which medicine had refuſed, and I recovered as if to puniſh with diſappointment and anxiety my cruel tyrant. I afterwards learned, that in obedience to the marquis's order, I had been carried to this ſpot by Vincent during the night, and that I had been buried in effigy at a neighbouring church, with all the pomp of funeral honour due to my rank."

At the name of Vincent Julia ſtarted; the doubtful words he had uttered on his death bed were now explained—the cloud of myſtery which had ſo long involved the ſouthern buildings broke at once away: and each particular circumſtance that had excited her former terror, aroſe to her view entirely unveiled by the words of the marchioneſs.—The long and total deſertion of this part of the fabric—the light that had appeared through

through the caſement—the figure ſhe had ſeen iſſue from the tower—the midnight noiſes ſhe had heard—were circumſtances evidently dependant on the impriſonment of the marchioneſs; the latter of which incidents were produced either by Vincent, or the marquis, in their attendance upon her.

When ſhe conſidered the long and dreadful ſufferings of her mother, and that ſhe had for many years lived ſo near her ignorant of her miſery, and even of her exiſtence—ſhe was loſt in aſtoniſhment and pity."

" My days," continued the marchioneſs, " paſſed in a dead uniformity, more dreadful than the moſt acute viciſſitudes of misfortune, and which would certainly have ſubdued my reaſon, had not thoſe firm principles of religious faith, which I imbibed in early youth, enabled me to withſtand the ſtill, but forceful preſſure of my calamity."

The inſenſible heart of Vincent at length

length began to ſoften to my misfortunes. He brought me ſeveral articles of comfort, of which I had hitherto been deſtitute, and anſwered ſome queſtions I put to him concerning my family. To releaſe me from my preſent ſituation, however his inclination might befriend me, was not to be expected, ſince his life would have paid the forfeiture of what would be termed his duty."

" I now firſt diſcovered my vicinity to the caſtle. I learned alſo, that the marquis had married Maria de Vellorno, with whom he had reſided at Naples, but that my daughters were left at Mazzini. This laſt intelligence awakened in my heart the throbs of warm maternal tenderneſs, and on my knees I ſupplicated to ſee them. So earneſtly I entreated, and ſo ſolemnly I promiſed to return quietly to my priſon, that at length, prudence yielded to pity, and Vincent conſented to my requeſt.

" On the following day he came to the

the cell, and informed me my children were going into the woods, and that I might ſee them from a window near which they would paſs. My nerves thrilled at theſe words, and I could ſcarcely ſupport myſelf to the ſpot I ſo eagerly ſought. He led me through long and intricate paſſages, as I gueſſed by the frequent turnings, for my eyes were bound, till I reached a hall of the ſouth buildings. I followed to a room above, where the full light of day once more burſt upon my ſight, and almoſt overpowered me. Vincent placed me by a window, which looked towards the woods. Oh! what moments of painful impatience were thoſe in which I awaited your arrival!"

"At length you appeared. I ſaw you—I ſaw my children—and was neither permitted to claſp them to my heart, or to ſpeak to them! You was leaning on the arm of your ſiſter, and your countenances ſpoke the ſ; rightly

happy innocence of youth.—Alas! you knew not the wretched fate of your mother, who then gazed upon you! Although you were at too great a diſtance for my weak voice to reach you, with the utmoſt difficulty I avoided throwing open the window, and endeavouring to diſcover myſelf. The remembrance of my ſolemn promiſe, and that the life of Vincent would be ſacrificed by the act, alone reſtrained me. I ſtruggled for ſome time with emotions too powerful for my nature, and fainted away."

"On recovering I called wildly for my children, and went to the window—but you were gone! Not all the entreaties of Vincent could for ſome time remove me from this ſtation, where I waited in the fond expectation of ſeeing you again—but you appeared no more! At laſt I returned to my cell in an extaſy of grief which I tremble even to remember."

"This interview, ſo eagerly ſought, and ſo reluctantly granted, proved a ſource

ſource of new miſery—inſtead of calming, it agitated my mind with a reſtleſs, wild deſpair, which bore away my ſtrongeſt powers of reſiſtance. I raved inceſſantly of my children, and inceſſantly ſolicited to ſee them again—Vincent, however, had found but too much cauſe to repent of his firſt indulgence, to grant me a ſecond."

"About this time a circumſtance occurred which promiſed me a ſpeedy releaſe from calamity. Above a week elapſed, and Vincent did not appear. My little ſtock of proviſion was exhauſted, and I had been two days without food, when I again heard the doors that led to my priſon creek on their hinges. An unknown ſtep approached, and in a few minutes the marquis entered my cell! My blood was chilled at the ſight, and I cloſed my eyes as I hoped for the laſt time. The ſound of his voice recalled me. His countenance was dark and ſullen, and I perceived that he

trembled. He informed me that Vincent was no more, and that henceforward his office he ſhould take upon himſelf. I forbore to reproach—where reproach would only have produced new ſufferings, and with-held ſupplication where it would have exaſperated conſcience and inflamed revenge. My knowledge of the marquis's ſecond marriage I concealed."

"He uſually attended me when night might beſt conceal his viſits; though theſe were irregular in their return. Lately, from what motive I cannot gueſs, he has ceaſed his nocturnal viſits, and comes only in the day."

"Once when midnight encreaſed the darkneſs of my priſon, and ſeemed to render ſilence even more awful, touched by the ſacred horrors of the hour, I poured forth my diſtreſs in loud lamentation. Oh! never can I forget what I felt, when I heard a diſtant voice anſwer to my moan! A wild ſurprize, which

was

was ſtrangely mingled with hope, ſeized me, and in my firſt emotion I ſhould have anſwered the call, had not a recollection croſſed me, which deſtroyed at once every half-raiſed ſenſation of joy. I remembered the dreadful vengeance which the marquis had ſworn to execute upon me, if I ever, by any means, endeavoured to make known the place of my concealment; and though life had long been a burden to me, I dared not to incur the certainty of being murdered. I alſo well knew that no perſon who might diſcover my ſituation could effect my enlargement; for I had no relations to deliver me by force, and the marquis you know, has not only power to impriſon, but alſo the right of life and death in his own domains. I, therefore, forbore to anſwer the call, though I could not entirely repreſs my lamentation. I long perplexed myſelf with endeavouring to account for this ſtrange circumſtance, and am to this moment ignorant of its cauſe."

Julia remembering that Ferdinand had been confined in a dungeon of the caſtle, it inſtantly occurred to her that his priſon, and that of the marchioneſs, were not far diſtant; and ſhe ſcrupled not to believe that it was his voice which her mother had heard. She was right in this belief, and it was indeed the marchioneſs whoſe groans had formerly cauſed Ferdinand ſo much alarm, both in the marble hall of the ſouth buildings, and in his dungeon.

When Julia communicated her opinion, and the marchioneſs believed that ſhe had heard the voice of her ſon—her emotion was extreme, and it was ſome time before ſhe could reſume her narration.

"A ſhort time ſince," continued the marchioneſs, "the marquis brought me a fortnight's proviſion, and told me that I ſhould probably ſee him no more till the expiration of that term. His abſence at this period you have explained

in

in your account of the tranſactions at the abbey of St. Auguſtin. How can I ever ſufficiently acknowledge the obligations I owe to my dear and invaluable friend Madame de Menon! Oh! that it might be permitted me to teſtify my gratitude."

Julia attended to the narrative of her mother in ſilent aſtoniſhment, and gave all the ſympathy which ſorrow could demand. "Surely," cried ſhe, "the providence on whom you have ſo firmly relied, and whoſe inflictions you have ſupported with a fortitude ſo noble, has conducted me through a labyrinth of misfortunes to this ſpot, for the purpoſe of delivering you! Oh! let us haſten to fly this horrid abode—let us ſeek to eſcape through the cavern by which I entered."

She pauſed in earneſt expectation awaiting a reply. "Whither can I fly?" ſaid the marchioneſs, deeply ſighing. This queſtion ſpoken with the emphaſis of deſpair, affected Julia to tears, and ſhe was for a while ſilent.

"The marquis," reſumed Julia, "would not know where to ſeek you, or if he found you beyond his own domains, would fear to claim you. A convent may afford for the preſent a ſafe aſylum; and whatever ſhall happen, ſurely no fate you may hereafter encounter can be more dreadful than the one you now experience."

The marchioneſs aſſented to the truth of this, yet her broken ſpirits, the effect of long ſorrow and confinement, made her heſitate how to act; and there was a kind of placid deſpair in her look, which too faithfully depicted her feelings. It was obvious to Julia that the cavern ſhe had paſſed wound beneath the range of mountains on whoſe oppoſite ſide ſtood the caſtle of Mazzini. The hills thus riſing formed a ſcreen which muſt entirely conceal their emergence from the mouth of the cave, and their flight, from thoſe in the caſtle. She repreſented theſe circumſtances to her

her mother, and urged them ſo forcibly, that the lethargy of deſpair yielded to hope, and the marchioneſs committed herſelf to the conduct of her daughter.

"Oh! let me lead you to light and life!" cried Julia with warm enthuſiaſm. "Surely heaven can bleſs me with no greater good than by making me the deliverer of my mother." They both knelt down; and the marchioneſs with that affecting eloquence which true piety inſpires, and with that confidence which had ſupported her through ſo many miſeries, committed herſelf to the protection of God, and implored his favour on their attempt.

They aroſe, but as they converſed farther on their plan, Julia recollected that ſhe was deſtitute of money---the banditti having robbed her of all! The ſudden ſhock produced by this remembrance almoſt ſubdued her ſpirits; never till this moment had ſhe underſtood the value of money. But ſhe

commanded her feelings, and reſolved to conceal this circumſtance from the marchioneſs, preferring the chance of any evil they might encounter from without, to the certain miſery of this terrible impriſonment.

Having taken what proviſion the marquis had brought, they quitted the cell, and entered upon the dark paſſage, along which they paſſed with cautious ſteps. Julia came firſt to the door of the cavern, but who can paint her diſtreſs when ſhe found it was faſtened! All her efforts to open it were ineffectual. —The door which had cloſed after her, was held by a ſpring lock, and could be opened on this ſide only with a key. When ſhe underſtood this circumſtance, the marchioneſs, with a placid reſignation which ſeemed to exalt her above humanity, addreſſed herſelf again to heaven, and turned back to her cell. Here Julia indulged without reſerve, and without ſcruple, the exceſs of her grief. The marchioneſs wept over her.

" Not

"Not for myſelf," ſaid ſhe, "do I grieve, —I have too long been inured to misfortune to ſink under its preſſure. This diſappointment is intrinſically, perhaps, little—for I had no certain refuge from calamity—and had it even been otherwiſe, a few years only of ſuffering would have been ſpared me. It is for you, Julia, who ſo much lament my fate; and who, in being thus delivered to the power of your father, are ſacrificed to the duke de Luovo—that my heart ſwells."

Julia could make no reply, but by preſſing to her lips the hand which was held forth to her, ſhe ſaw all the wretchedneſs of her ſituation; and her fearful uncertainty concerning Hippolitus and Ferdinand, formed no inferior part of her affliction.

"If," reſumed the marchioneſs, "you prefer impriſonment with your mother, to a marriage with the duke, you may ſtill ſecrete yourſelf in the paſ-

ſage we have juſt quitted, and partake of the proviſion which is brought me."

"O! talk not, madam, of a marriage with the duke, ſaid Julia;" "ſurely any fate is preferable to that. But when I conſider that in remaining here, I am condemned only to the ſufferings which my mother has ſo long endured, and that this confinement will enable me to ſoften, by tender ſympathy, the aſperity of her misfortunes, I ought to ſubmit to my preſent ſituation with complacency, even did a marriage with the duke appear leſs hateful to me."

"Excellent girl!" exclaimed the marchioneſs, claſping Julia to her boſom; "the ſufferings you lament are almoſt repaid by this proof of your goodneſs and affection!" Alas! that I ſhould have been ſo long deprived of ſuch a daughter!

Julia now endeavoured to imitate the fortitude of her mother, and tenderly concealed her anxiety for Ferdinand and Hippolitus, the idea of whom incef-

inceſſantly haunted her imagination. When the marquis brought food to the cell, ſhe retired to the avenue leading to the cavern, and eſcaped diſcovery.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XV.

THE marquis, meanwhile, whoſe indefatigable ſearch after Julia failed of ſucceſs, was ſucceſſively the ſlave of alternate paſſions, and he poured forth the ſpleen of diſappointment on his unhappy domeſtics.

The marchioneſs, who may now more properly be called Maria de Vellorno, inflamed, by artful inſinuations, the paſſions already irritated, and heightened with cruel triumph his reſentment towards Julia and Madame de Menon. She repreſented, what his feelings too acutely acknowledged,—that by the obſtinate diſobedience of the firſt, and the machinations of the laſt, a prieſt had been enabled to arreſt his authority as a father—to inſult the ſacred honour of his nobility—and to overturn at once his proudeſt ſchemes of power and ambition. She declared it her opinion, that

that the *Abate* was acquainted with the place of Julia's preſent retreat, and upbraided the marquis with want of ſpirit in thus ſubmitting to be outwitted by a prieſt, and forbearing an appeal to the pope, whoſe authority would compel the *Abate* to reſtore Julia.

This reproach ſtung the very ſoul of the marquis; he felt all its force, and was at the ſame time conſcious of his inability to obviate it. The effect of his crimes now fell in ſevere puniſhment upon his own head. The threatened ſecret, which was no other than the impriſonment of the marchioneſs, arreſted his arm of vengeance, and compelled him to ſubmit to inſult and diſappointment. But the reproach of Maria ſunk deep in his mind; it fomented his pride into redoubled fury, and he now repelled with diſdain the idea of ſubmiſſion.

He revolved the means which might effect his purpoſe—he ſaw but one—this was the death of the marchioneſs.

The

The commiſſion of one crime often requires the perpetration of another. When once we enter on the labyrinth of vice, we can ſeldom return, but are led on through correſpondent mazes to deſtruction. To obviate the effect of his firſt crime, it was now neceſſary the marquis ſhould commit a ſecond, and conceal the *impriſonment* of the marchioneſs by her *murder*. Himſelf the only living witneſs of her exiſtence, when ſhe was removed, the allegations of the *Padre Abate* would by this means be unſupported by any proof, and he might then boldly appeal to the pope for the reſtoration of his child.

He muſed upon this ſcheme, and the more he accuſtomed his mind to contemplate it, the leſs ſcrupulous he became. The crime from which he would formerly have ſhrunk, he now ſurveyed with a ſteady eye. The fury of his paſſions, unaccuſtomed to reſiſtance, uniting with the force of what ambition

termed

termed neceſſity—urged him to the deed, and he determined upon the murder of his wife. The means of effecting his purpoſe were eaſy and various; but as he was not yet ſo entirely hardened as to be able to view her dying pangs, and embrue his own hands in her blood, he choſe to diſpatch her by means of poiſon, which he reſolved to mingle in her food.

But a new affliction was preparing for the marquis, which attacked him where he was moſt vulnerable; and the veil which had ſo long overſhadowed his reaſon was now to be removed. He was informed by Baptiſta of the infidelity of Maria de Vellorno. In the firſt emotion of paſſion, he ſpurned the informer from his preſence, and diſdained to believe the circumſtance. A little reflection changed the object of his reſentment; he recalled the ſervant, whoſe faithfulneſs he had no reaſon to diſtruſt, and condeſcended to interrogate him on the ſubject of his misfortune.

He

He learned that an intimacy had for ſome time ſubſiſted between Maria and the cavalier de Vincini; and that the aſſignation was uſually held at the pavillion on the ſea ſhore, in an evening. Baptiſta farther declared, that if the marquis deſired a confirmation of his words, he might obtain it by viſiting this ſpot at the hour mentioned.

This information lighted up the wildeſt paſſions of his nature; his former ſufferings faded away before the ſtronger influence of the preſent misfortune, and it ſeemed as if he had never taſted miſery till now. To ſuſpect the wife upon whom he doated with romantic fondneſs, on whom he had centered all his firmeſt hopes of happineſs, and for whoſe ſake he had committed the crime which embittered even his preſent moment, and which would involve him in ſtill deeper guilt—to find *her* ungrateful to his love, and a traitoreſs to his honour—produced a miſery more poignant than any his imagi-

imagination had conceived. He was torn by contending paſſions, and oppoſite reſolutions:—now he reſolved to expiate her guilt with her blood—and now he melted in all the ſoftneſs of love. Vengeance and honour bade him ſtrike to the heart which had betrayed him, and urged him inſtantly to the deed—when the idea of her beauty—her winning ſmiles—her fond endearments ſtole upon his fancy, and ſubdued his heart; he almoſt wept to the idea of injuring her, and in ſpight of appearances, pronounced her faithful. The ſucceeding moment plunged him again in uncertainty; his tortures acquired new vigour from ceſſation, and again he experienced all the phrenzy of deſpair. He was now reſolved to end his doubts by repairing to the pavillion; but again his heart wavered in irreſolution how to proceed ſhould his fears be confirmed. In the mean time he determined to watch the behaviour of Maria with ſevere vigilance.

They

They met at dinner, and he obſerved her cloſely, but diſcovered not the ſmalleſt impropriety in her conduct. Her ſmiles and her beauty again wound their faſcinations round his heart, and in the exceſs of their influence he was almoſt tempted to repair the injury which his late ſuſpicions had done her, by confeſſing them at her feet. The appearance of the cavalier de Vincini, however, renewed his ſuſpicions; his heart throbbed wildly, and with reſtleſs impatience he watched the return of evening, which would remove his ſuſpence.

Night at length came. He repaired to the pavillion, and ſecreted himſelf among the trees that embowered it. Many minutes had not paſſed, when he heard a ſound of low whiſpering voices ſteal from among the trees, and footſteps approaching down the alley. He ſtood almoſt petrified with terrible ſenſations, and preſently heard ſome perſons enter the pavillion. The marquis

now

now emerged from his hiding place; a faint light iſſued from the building. He ſtole to the window, and beheld within, Maria and the cavalier de Vincini. Fired at the ſight, he drew his ſword, and ſprang forward. The ſound of his ſtep alarmed the cavalier, who, on perceiving the marquis, ruſhed by him from the pavillion, and diſappeared among the woods. The marquis purſued, but could not overtake him; and he returned to the pavillion with an intention of plunging his ſword in the heart of Maria, when he diſcovered her ſenſeleſs on the ground. Pity now ſuſpended his vengeance; he pauſed in agonizing gaze upon her, and returned his ſword into the ſcabbard.

She revived, but on obſerving the marquis, ſcreamed and relapſed. He haſtened to the caſtle for aſſiſtance, inventing, to conceal his diſgrace, ſome pretence for her ſudden illneſs, and ſhe was conveyed to her chamber.

The

The marquis was now not ſuffered to doubt her infidelity, but the paſſion which her conduct abuſed, her faithleſsneſs could not ſubdue; he ſtill doated with abſurd fondneſs, and even regretted that uncertainty could no longer flatter him with hope. It ſeemed as if his deſire of her affection encreaſed with his knowledge of the loſs of it; and the very circumſtance which ſhould have rouſed his averſion, by a ſtrange perverſity of diſpoſition, appeared to heighten his paſſion, and to make him think it impoſſible he could exiſt without her.

When the firſt energy of his indignation was ſubſided, he determined, therefore, to reprove and to puniſh, but hereafter to reſtore her to favour.

In this reſolution he went to her apartment, and reprehended her falſehood in terms of juſt indignation.

Maria de Vellorno, in whom the late diſcovery had rouſed reſentment, inſtead of

of awakening penitence; and exaſperated pride without exciting ſhame,—heard the upbraidings of the marquis with impatience, and replied to them with acrimonious violence.

She boldly aſſerted her innocence, and inſtantly invented a ſtory, the plauſibility of which might have deceived a man who had evidence leſs certain than his ſenſes to contradict it. She behaved with a haughtineſs the moſt inſolent; and when ſhe perceived that the marquis was no longer to be miſled, and that her violence failed to accompliſh its purpoſe, ſhe had recourſe to tears and ſupplications. But the artifice was too glaring to ſucceed; and the marquis quitted her apartment in an agony of reſentment.

His former faſcinations, however, quickly returned, and again held him in ſuſpenſion between love and vengeance. That the vehemence of his paſſion however, might not want an object,

object, he ordered Baptiſta to diſcover the retreat of the cavalier de Vincini. on whom he meant to revenge his loſt honour. Shame forbade him to employ others in the ſearch.

This diſcovery ſuſpended for a while the operations of the fatal ſcheme, which had before employed the thoughts of the marquis; but it had only ſuſpended —not deſtroyed them. The late occurrence had annihilated his domeſtic happineſs; but his pride now roſe to reſcue him from deſpair, and he centered all his future hopes upon ambition. In a moment of cool reflection, he conſidered that he had derived neither happineſs or content from the purſuit of diſſipated pleaſures, to which he had hitherto ſacrificed every oppoſing conſideration. He reſolved, therefore, to abandon the gay ſchemes of diſſipation which had formerly allured him, and dedicate himſelf entirely to ambition, in the purſuits and delights of which

he

he hoped to bury all his cares. He therefore became more earneſt than ever for the marriage of Julia with the duke de Luovo, through whoſe m ans he deſigned to involve himſelf in the intereſts of the ſtate, and determined to recover her at whatever conſequence. He reſolved without further delay to appeal to the pope; but to do this with ſafety, it was neceſſary that the marchioneſs ſhould die; and he returned therefore to the conſideration and execution of his diabolical purpoſe.

He mingled a poiſonous drug with the food he deſigned for her; and when night arrived, carried it to the cell. As he unlocked the door, his hand trembled; and when he preſented the food, and looked conſciouſly for the laſt time upon the marchioneſs, who received it with humble thankfulneſs, his heart almoſt relented. His countenance, over which was diffuſſed the paleneſs of death, expreſſed the ſecret movements

of his ſoul, and he gazed upon her with eyes of ſtiffened horror. Alarmed by his looks, ſhe fell upon her knees to ſupplicate his pity.

Her attitude recalled his bewildered ſenſes; and endeavouring to aſſume a tranquil aſpect, he bade her riſe, and inſtantly quitted the cell, fearful of the inſtability of his purpoſe. His mind was not yet ſufficiently hardened by guilt to repel the arrows of conſcience, and his imagination reſponded to her power. As he paſſed through the long dreary paſſages from the priſon, ſolemn and myſterious ſounds ſeemed to ſpeak in every murmur of the blaſt which crept along their windings, and he often ſtarted and looked back.

He reached his chamber, and having ſhut the door, ſurveyed the room in fearful examination. Ideal forms flitted before his fancy, and for the firſt time in his life he feared to be alone. Shame only with-held him from calling Bap-

tiſta

tiſta. The gloom of the hour, and the death-like ſilence that prevailed, aſſiſted the horrors of his imagination. He half repented of the deed, yet deemed it now too late to obviate it; and he threw himſelf on his bed in terrible emotion. His head grew dizzy, and a ſudden faintneſs overcame him; he heſitated, and at length aroſe to ring for aſſiſtance, but found himſelf unable to ſtand.

In a few moments he was ſomewhat revived, and rang his bell; but before any perſon appeared, he was ſeized with terrible pains, and ſtaggering to his bed, ſunk ſenſeleſs upon it. Here Baptiſta, who was the firſt perſon that entered his room, found him ſtruggling, ſeemingly in the agonies of death. The whole caſtle was immediately rouſed, and the confuſion may be more eaſily imagined than deſcribed. Emilia, amid the general alarm, came to her father's room, but the ſight of him overcame her, and ſhe was carried from his

preſence. By the help of proper applications the marquis recovered his ſenſes, and his pains had a ſhort ceſſation.

" I am dying," ſaid he, in a faultering accent; " ſend inſtantly for the marchioneſs and my ſon."

Ferdinand in eſcaping from the hands of the banditti, it was now ſeen had fallen into the power of his father. He had been ſince confined in an apartment of the caſtle, and was now liberated to obey the ſummons. The countenance of the marquis exhibited a ghaſtly image; Ferdinand, when he drew near the bed, ſuddenly ſhrunk back, overcome with horror. The marquis now beckoned his attendants to quit the room, and they were preparing to obey, when a violent noiſe was heard from without; almoſt in the ſame inſtant the door of the apartment was thrown open, and the ſervant who had been ſent for the marchioneſs, ruſhed in. His look alone declared the horror of his mind,

for

for words he had none to utter. He ſtared wildly, and pointed to the gallery he had quitted. Ferdinand, ſeized with new terror, ruſhed the way he pointed to the apartment of the marchioneſs. A ſpectacle of horror preſented itſelf. Maria lay on a couch lifeleſs, and bathed in blood. A poignard, the inſtrument of her deſtruction, was on the floor; and it appeared from a letter which was found on the couch beſide her, that ſhe had died by her own hand. The paper contained theſe words:

TO THE MARQUIS DE MAZZINI.

" YOUR words have ſtabbed my
" heart. No power on earth could re-
" ſtore the peace you have deſtroyed.
" I will eſcape from my torture. When
" you read this, I ſhall be no more.
" But the triumph ſhall no longer be

" your's—the draught you have drank
" was given by the hand of the in-
" jured

" MARIA DE MAZZINI."

" It now appeared that the marquis was poiſoned by the vengeance of the woman for whom he had reſigned his conſcience. The conſternation and diſtreſs of Ferdinand cannot eaſily be conceived: he haſtened back to his father's chamber, but determined to conceal the dreadful cataſtrophe of Maria de Vellorno. This precaution, however, was uſeleſs; for the ſervants, in the conſternation of terror, had revealed it, and the marquis had fainted.

Returning pains recalled his ſenſes, and the agonies he ſuffered were too ſhocking for the beholders. Medical endeavours were applied, but the poiſon was too powerful for antidote. The marquis's pains at length ſubſided; the poiſon had exhauſted moſt of its rage, and

and he became tolerably eaſy. He waved his hand for the attendants to leave the room; and beckoning to Ferdinand, whoſe ſenſes were almoſt ſtunned by this accumulation of horror, bade him ſit down beſide him. "The hand of death is now upon me," ſaid he; "I would employ theſe laſt moments in revealing a deed, which is more dreadful to me than all the bodily agonies I ſuffer. It will be ſome relief to me to diſcover it." Ferdinand graſped the hand of the marquis in ſpeechleſs terror. "The retribution of heaven is upon me," reſumed the marquis. "My puniſhment is the immediate conſequence of my guilt. Heaven has made that woman the inſtrument of its juſtice, whom I made the inſtrument of my crimes;—— that woman, for whoſe ſake I forgot conſcience, and braved vice—for whom I impriſoned an innocent wife, and afterwards murdered her."

At theſe words every nerve of Ferdi-

nand thrilled; he let go the marquis's hand, and ſtarted back, "Look not ſo fiercely on me," ſaid the marquis, in a hollow voice; "your eyes ſtrike death to my ſoul; my conſcience needs not this additional pang:" "My mother!" exclaimed Ferdinand—"my mother! Speak, tell me"—"I have no breath," ſaid the marquis. "Oh!—Take theſe keys—the ſouth tower—the trap-door. —"Tis poſſible—Oh!—"

The marquis made a ſudden ſpring upwards, and fell lifeleſs on the bed. The attendants were called in, but he was gone for ever. His laſt words ſtruck with the force of lightning upon the mind of Ferdinand; they ſeemed to ſay, that his mother might yet exiſt. He took the keys, and ordering ſome of the ſervants to follow, haſtened to the ſouthern building; he proceeded to the tower, and the trap-door beneath the ſtair-caſe was lifted. They all deſcended into a dark paſſage, which conducted them

them through ſeveral intricacies to the door of the cell. Ferdinand, in trembling horrible expectation, applied the key; the door opened, and he entered; but what was his ſurprize when he found no perſon in the cell! He concluded that he had miſtaken the place, and quitted it for further ſearch; but, having followed the windings of the paſſage, by which he entered, without diſcovering any other door, he returned to a more exact examination of the cell. He now obſerved the door which led to the cavern, and he entered upon the avenue, but no perſon was found there, and no voice anſwered to his call. Having reached the door of the cavern, which was faſtened, he returned loſt in grief, and meditating upon the laſt words of the marquis. He now thought that he had miſtaken their import, and that the words "tis poſſible," were not meant to apply to the life of the marchioneſs, He concluded, that the

murder had been committed at a diſtant period; and he reſolved, therefore, to have the ground of the cell dug up, and the remains of his mother ſought for.

When the firſt violence of the emotions excited by the late ſcenes was ſubſided, he enquired concerning Maria de Vellorno.

It appeared that on the day preceding this horrid tranſaction, the marquis had paſſed ſome hours in her apartment; that they were heard in loud diſpute; —that the paſſion of the marquis grew high;—that he upbraided her with her paſt conduct, and threatened her with a formal ſeparation. When the marquis quitted her, ſhe was heard walking quick through the room, in a paſſion of tears; ſhe often ſuddenly ſtopped in vehement but incoherent exclamation; and at laſt threw herſelf on the floor, and was for ſome time entirely ſtill. Here her woman found her, upon whoſe

entrance

entrance ſhe aroſe haſtily, and reproved her for appearing un-called. After this ſhe remained ſilent and ſullen.

She deſcended to ſupper, where the marquis met her alone at table. Little was ſaid during the repaſt, at the concluſion of which the ſervants were diſmiſſed; and it was believed that during the interval between ſupper, and the hour of repoſe, Maria de Vellorno contrived to mingle poiſon with the wine of the marquis. How ſhe had procured this poiſon was never diſcovered.

She retired early to her chamber; and her woman obſerving that ſhe appeared much agitated, enquired if ſhe was ill? To this ſhe returned a ſhort anſwer in the negative, and her woman was ſoon afterwards diſmiſſed. But ſhe had hardly ſhut the door of the room, when ſhe heard her lady's voice recalling her. She returned, and received ſome trifling order, and obſerved that Maria looked uncommonly pale; there

was beſides, a wildneſs in her eyes which frightened her, but ſhe did not dare to aſk any queſtions. She again quitted the room, and had only reached the extremity of the gallery, when her miſtreſs's bell rang. She haſtened back, Maria enquired if the marquis was gone to bed, and if all was quiet? Being anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe replied, "This is a ſtill hour, and a dark one!——Good night!"

Her woman having once more left the room, ſtopped at the door to liſten; but all within remaining ſilent, ſhe retired to reſt.

It is probable that Maria perpetrated the fatal act ſoon after the diſmiſſion of her woman; for when ſhe was found two hours afterwards, ſhe appeared to have been dead ſome time. On examination a wound was diſcovered on her left ſide, which had doubtleſs penetrated to the heart, from the ſuddeneſs of her death, and from the effuſion of blood which had followed.

The

Theſe terrible events ſo deeply affected Emilia, that ſhe was confined to her bed by a dangerous illneſs. Ferdinand ſtruggled againſt the ſhock with manly fortitude. But amid all the tumult of the preſent ſcenes, his uncertainty concerning Julia, whom he had left in the hands of banditti, and whom he had been with-held from ſeeking or reſcuing, formed perhaps the moſt affecting part of his diſtreſs.

The late marquis de Mazzini, and Maria de Vellorno, were interred with the honour due to their rank in the church of the convent of St. Nicolo. Their lives exhibited a boundleſs indulgence of violent and luxurious paſſions, and their deaths marked the conſequences of ſuch indulgence, and held forth to mankind a ſingular inſtance of divine vengeance.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN turning up the ground of the cell, it was diſcovered that it communicated with the dungeon in which Ferdinand had been confined, and where he had heard thoſe groans which occaſioned him ſo much terror.

The ſtory which the marquis formerly related to his ſon concerning the ſouthern buildings, it was now evident was fabricated for the purpoſe of concealing the impriſonment of the marchioneſs. In the choice of his ſubject, he certainly diſcovered ſome art; for the circumſtance related was calculated, by impreſſing terror, to prevent farther enquiry into the receſſes of theſe buildings. It ſerved alſo to explain by ſuper-natural evidence the cauſe of thoſe ſounds, and of that appearance which had been there obſerved, but which were in reality occaſioned only by the marquis.

The

The event of the examination in the cell threw Ferdinand into new perplexity. The marquis had confeſſed that he poiſoned his wife—yet her remains were not to be found; and the place which he ſignified to be that of her confinement, bore no veſtige of her having been there. There appeared no way by which ſhe could have eſcaped from her priſon; for both the door which opened upon the cell, and that which terminated the avenue beyond, were faſtened when tried by Ferdinand.

But the young marquis had no time for uſeleſs ſpeculation—ſerious duties called upon him. He believed that Julia was ſtill in the power of banditti; and on the concluſion of his father's funeral, he ſet forward himſelf to Palermo to give information of the abode of the robbers, and to repair with the officers of juſtice, accompanied by a party of his own people, to the reſcue of his ſiſter. On his arrival at Palermo he

was

was informed that a banditti, whoſe retreat had been among the ruins of a monaſtery, ſituated in the foreſt of Marentino, was already diſcovered; that their abode had been ſearched, and themſelves ſecured for examples of public juſtice—but that no captive lady had been found amongſt them. This latter intelligence excited in Ferdinand a very ſerious diſtreſs, and he was wholly unable to conjecture her fate. He obtained leave, however, to interrogate thoſe of the robbers, who were impriſoned at Palermo, but could draw from them no ſatisfactory or certain information.

At length he quitted Palermo for the foreſt of Marentino, thinking it poſſible that Julia might be heard of in its neighbourhood. He travelled on in melancholy and dejection, and evening overtook him long before he reached the place of his deſtination. The night came on heavily in clouds, and a violent

lent ſtorm of wind and rain aroſe. The road lay through a wild and rocky country, and Ferdinand could obtain no ſhelter. His attendants offered him their cloaks, but he refuſed to expoſe a ſervant to the hardſhip he would not himſelf endure. He travelled for ſome miles in a heavy rain; and the wind, which howled mournfully among the rocks, and whoſe ſolemn pauſes were filled by the diſtant roarings of the ſea, heightened the deſolation of the ſcene. At length he diſcerned amid the darkneſs from a far, a red light waving in the wind: it varied with the blaſt, but never totally diſappeared. He puſhed his horſe into a gallop, and made towards it.

The flame continued to direct his courſe; and on a nearer approach, he perceived, by the red reflection of its fires, ſtreaming a long radiance upon the waters beneath—a light-houſe ſituated upon a point of rock which overhung

hung the ſea. He knocked for admittance, and the door was opened by an old man, who bade him welcome.

Within appeared a cheerful blazing fire, round which were ſeated ſeveral perſons, who ſeemed like himſelf to have ſought ſhelter from the tempeſt of the night. The ſight of the fire cheered him, and he advanced towards it, when a ſudden ſcream ſeized his attention; the company roſe up in confuſion, and in the ſame inſtant he diſcovered Julia and Hippolitus. The joy of that moment is not to be deſcribed, but his attention was quickly called off from his own ſituation to that of a lady, who during the general tranſport had fainted. His ſenſations on learning ſhe was his mother can only be conceived.

She revived. "My ſon!" ſaid ſhe, in a languid voice, as ſhe preſſed him to her heart. "Great God, I am recompenſed! Surely this moment may repay a life of miſery!" He could only receive

receive her careſſes in ſilence; but the ſudden tears which ſtarted in his eyes, ſpoke a language too expreſſive to be miſunderſtood.

When the firſt emotion of the ſcene was paſſed, Julia enquired by what means Ferdinand had come to this ſpot. He anſwered her generally, and avoided for the preſent entering upon the affecting ſubject of the late events at the caſtle of Mazzini. Julia related the hiſtory of her adventures ſince ſhe parted with her brother. In her narration, it appeared that Hippolitus, who was taken by the duke de Luovo, at the mouth of the cave, had afterwards eſcaped, and returned to the cavern in ſearch of Julia. The low receſs in the rock, through which Julia had paſſed, he perceived by the light of his flambeau. He penetrated to the cavern beyond, and from thence to the priſon of the marchioneſs. No colour of language can paint the ſcene which followed; it is ſufficient to ſay that the whole

party

party agreed to quit the cell at the return of night. But this being a night on which it was known the marquis would viſit the priſon, they agreed to defer their departure till after his appearance, and thus elude the danger to be expected from an early diſcovery of the eſcape of the marchioneſs.

At the ſound of footſteps above, Hippolitus and Julia had ſecreted themſelves in the avenue; and immediately on the marquis's departure they all repaired to the cavern, leaving in the hurry of their flight untouched the poiſonous food he had brought. Having eſcaped from thence they proceeded to a neighbouring village, where horſes were procured to carry them towards Palermo. Here after a tedious journey they arrived, in the deſign of embarking for Italy. Contrary winds had detained them till the day on which Ferdinand left that city, when apprehenſive and weary of delay, they hired a ſmall veſſel, and determined to brave

the

the winds. They had ſoon reaſon to repent their temerity; for the veſſel had not been long at ſea when the ſtorm aroſe, which threw them back upon the ſhores of Sicily, and brought them to the light-houſe, where they were diſcovered by Ferdinand.

On the following morning Ferdinand returned with his friends to Palermo, where he firſt diſcloſed the late fatal events of the caſtle. They now ſettled their future plans; and Ferdinand haſtened to the caſtle of Mazzini to fetch Emilia, and to give orders for the removal of his houſehold to his palace at Naples, where he deſigned to fix his future reſidence. The diſtreſs of Emilia, whom he found recovered from her indiſpoſition, yielded to joy and wonder, when ſhe heard of the exiſtence of her mother, and the ſafety of her ſiſter. She departed with Ferdinand for Palermo, where her friends awaited her, and where the joy of the meeting was conſiderably heightened by the appearance

of

of Madame de Menon, for whom the marchioneſs had diſpatched a meſſenger to St. Auguſtin's. Madame had quitted the abbey for another convent, to which however the meſſenger was directed. This happy party now embarked for Naples.

From this period the caſtle of Mazzini, which had been the theatre of a dreadful cataſtrophe; and whoſe ſcenes would have revived in the minds of the chief perſonages connected with it, painful and ſhocking recollections—was abandoned.

On their arrival at Naples, Ferdinand preſented to the king a clear and ſatisfactory account of the late events at the caſtle, in conſequence of which the marchioneſs was confirmed in her rank, and Ferdinand was received as the ſixth marquis de Mazzini.

The marchioneſs, thus reſtored to the world, and to happineſs, reſided with her children in the palace at Naples, where, after time had ſomewhat mel-

mellowed the remembrance of the late calamity, the nuptials of Hippolitus and Julia were celebrated. The recollection of the difficulties they had encountered, and of the diſtreſs they had endured for each other, now ſerved only to heighten by contraſt the happineſs of the preſent period.

Ferdinand ſoon after accepted a command in the Neapolitan army; and amidſt the many heroes of that warlike and turbulent age, diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his valour and ability. The occupations of war engaged his mind, while his heart was ſolicitous in promoting the happineſs of his family.

Madame de Menon, whoſe generous attachment to the marchioneſs had been fully proved, found in the reſtoration of her friend a living witneſs of her marriage, and thus recovered thoſe eſtates which had been unjuſtly with-held from her. But the marchioneſs and her family, grateful to her friendſhip, and attached

tached to her virtues, prevailed upon her to ſpend the remainder of her life at the palace of Mazzini.

Emilia, wholly attached to her family, continued to reſide with the marchioneſs, who ſaw her race renewed in the children of Hippolitus and Julia. Thus ſurrounded by her children and friends, and engaged in forming the minds of the infant generation, ſhe ſeemed to forget that ſhe had ever been otherwiſe than happy."

Here the manuſcript annals conclude. In reviewing this ſtory, we perceive a ſingular and ſtriking inſtance of moral retribution. We learn alſo, that thoſe who do only THAT WHICH IS RIGHT, endure nothing in misfortune but a trial of their virtue, and from trials well endured, derive the ſureſt claim to the protection of heaven.

FINIS.